THE BYSTANDER
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SEPTEMBER 2, 1925

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

A TONIC OF BRIGHTNESS IN ALL WEATHERS

The BYSTANDER

Champagne

J. LEMOINE

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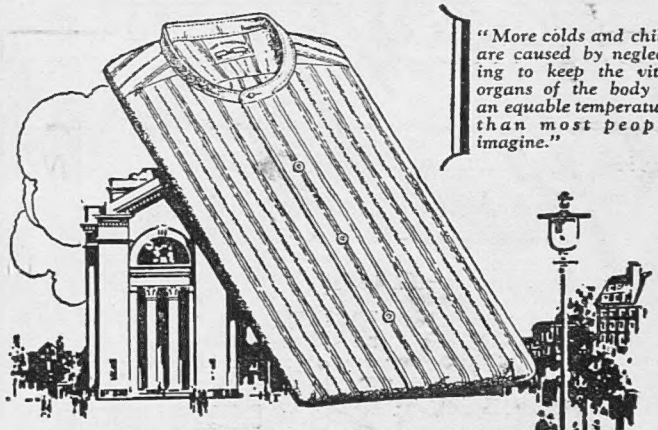

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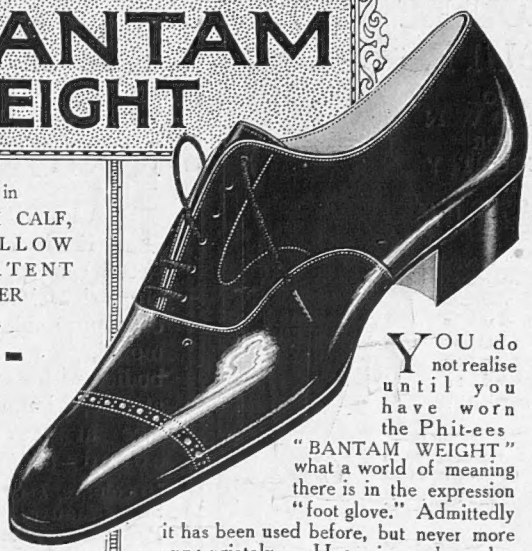

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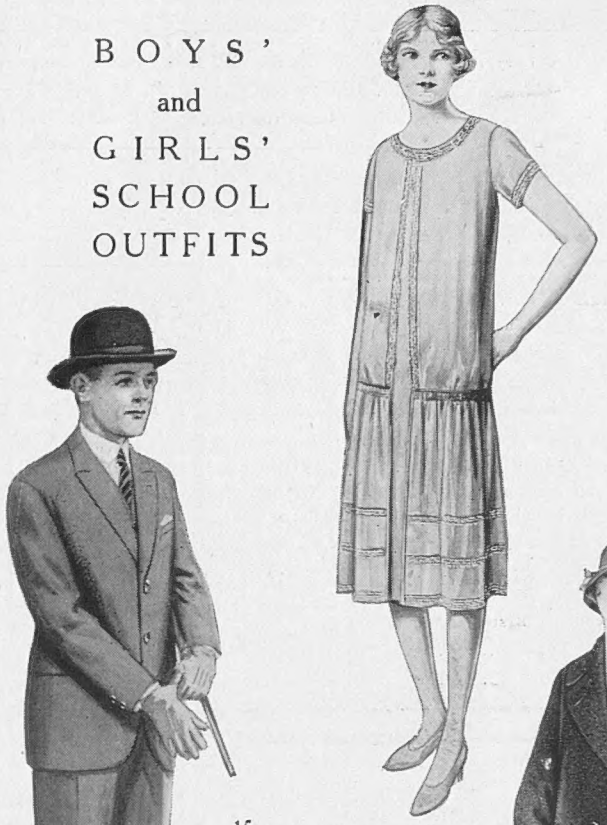

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The Bystander, September 2, 1925

No. 1135. Vol. LXXXVII

The BYSTANDER

Bassano

MISS VIOLET CAMERON

The elder daughter of Colonel Donald Cameron, C.M.G., of Lochiel, and Lady Hermione Cameron. She made her début this Season

"Like a Greyhound in the Slips"

BY E. T. REED

BRITANNIA BALDWIN: "Now, I daresay some people might think me a bit lethargic and insensitive, but d'you know, I'm sometimes almost tempted to do a bit of that '*George and the Dragon*' business with this trident of mine!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

THIS SUGGESTION TO TURN WEMBLEY INTO A HUDDLE OF WORKMEN'S DWELLINGS.

What of Wembley?

THIS suggestion to turn Wembley into a huddle of workmen's dwellings seems to be lacking in imagination. Apparently, Mr. Harry Day, M.P., and his associates are attracted to the site because it is rich in ready-made roads, and not on account of its other obvious attractions.

Twin Palaces

THEY propose, for instance, to scrap the twin palaces of Industry and Engineering! Each of these, we are reminded, consists merely of a roof and four walls, and so, like rate collectors and idlers who subsist on the dole, they never will be missed. I am surprised at Mr. Day's lack of vision, and when I meet him I shall tell him so.

'LET HIM BOLDLY DECLARE HIMSELF KING OF WEMBLEY—'

Miniature Monte Carlo

I DON'T complain because my own very original suggestions have not been adopted. Quite early in the season I told the authorities that they would find their salvation in these same palaces. I advised them to convert the Palace of Engineering into a miniature Switzerland and the Palace of Industry into a miniature Monte Carlo. I explained that visitors would climb snow-clad peaks during the heat-waves, and bask in artificial sunlight when the world without was dark and dank. Did they adopt my suggestion? They did not.

'HIS LATE EMPLOYERS GET £100 FOR EVERY GOAL HE SCORES—'

King of Wembley

AND now comes Mr. Harry Day, producer of super-revues, with a suggestion worthy of a Town Clerk or a Borough Surveyor. Why doesn't he tackle the problem of Wembley on theatrical lines? Let him boldly declare himself King of Wembley. Let him live in the two palaces that are ready to his royal hand. Let him instal George Bass or Tubby Edlin as his Jester, and let him stage a court of royal magnificence and oriental splendour. He must have tons of suitable scenery and costumes in his stores and wardrobes, and he would make the jolliest monarch imaginable. I'm afraid Parliament has cramped his style.

'FOR THE PAST WEEK I'VE BEEN SLEEPING IN THE BATHROOM—'

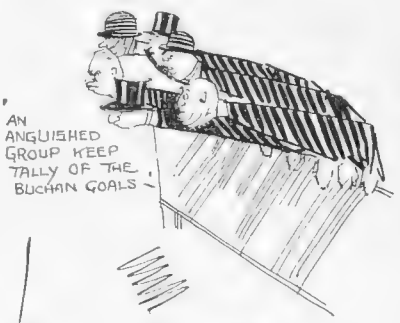
Sugar the Pill

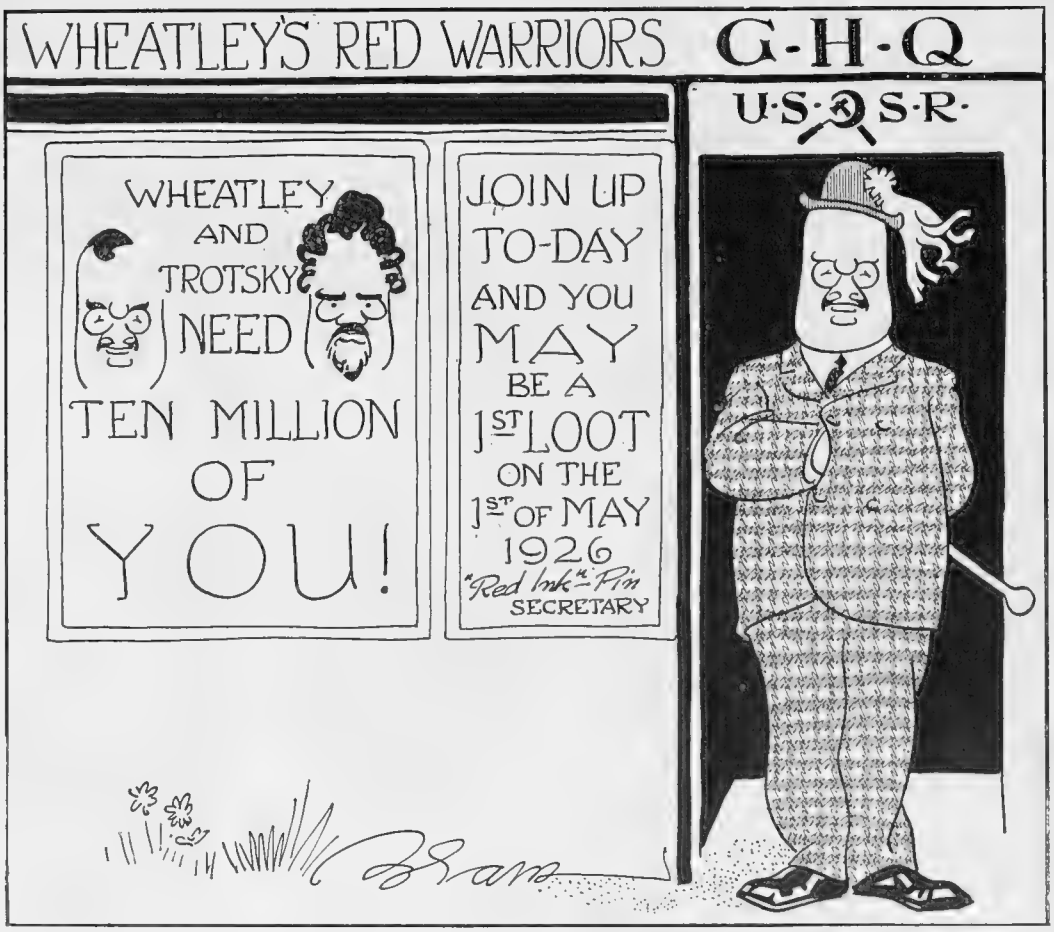
THAT has been the curse of Wembley from the start. It has been run by officials with less imagination than the skin of a pea-nut. Mr. Harry Day should have appeared on the scene two years ago. His associates should have been Sir Alfred Butt (financial adviser) and Mr. C. B. Cochran (publicity manager). Wembley should have been one-part pill and three-parts sugar instead of one-part sugar

'CONVERT THE PALACE OF ENGINEERING INTO A MINIATURE SWITZERLAND—'

'NOBODY WANTS TO BE EDUCATED—'

'TO SEE JACK HOBBS SCORING HIS 1000TH GOAL—'


'AN ANGUISHED GROUP KEEP TALLY OF THE BUCHAN GOALS—'



"THE CALL OF THE WILD!" By "Blam"

and three-parts pill. Nobody wants to be educated, but you can educate him if you are careful to disguise your intentions. Civil Servants will sniff and we shall pay. Nothing new in that!

Football at the Oval

HERE we are in the middle of the football season! For weeks past we have been reading of buyings and sellings of teams and transfers, until we are almost sick of the business, before the first match has been played. Very soon there will be no close season for the winter game, and we shall see Buchan contesting with Percy Fender for possession of the Oval during the month of August. After all, football has been played on the Oval before to-day, and it requires no stretch of the imagination to see Jack Hobbs scoring his 1000th goal in the shade of the sheltering gasometer.

A Pound a Run

TALKING of Buchan, the arrangement by which his late employers get £100 for every goal he scores reduces the whole professional game to an absurdity. I suppose it is true, for I read it in the paper and I still believe everything that I see in print. The idea might be developed in other directions. What a splendid income Surrey would derive from the business deal which involved the sale of Jack Hobbs to Yorkshire on the understanding that the champion county paid a pound for every run he scored in a county match.

Lightning Calculators

IN my mind's eye, I can see the Arsenal directors sitting in an anguished group while lightning calculators keep tally of the Buchan goals. I hear the frenzied shouts with which they encourage him to pass to Donald Cock instead of going through on his own. And then, the match with Sunderland at Highbury, when the visiting team receives a present of £100 for every goal that they can get the home captain to score against them! That joke should surely be *very* rich in cream! It is enough to make W. S. Gilbert rise from his grave and write something twice as funny as *The Mikado*.

Stars Still With Us

ENGLISH actors have been pouring into New York during the past few weeks, and, very soon, you won't hear a word of American spoken on Broadway By way of compensation, one or two war-time exports have been quietly drifting back to our now-peaceful shores, but the balance is still on the debit side. It is a little unfortunate that American managers are selecting their recruits with such discrimination, for we are losing some of the best of our younger actors, while certain established stars have been curiously over-looked. Now why is that, I wonder?

Phil May

THE weeds may be growing on poor Phil May's grave, but so long as his reputation continues to grow at the same time, we need not worry too much about that. Phil May was a great artist, and he left behind him a record of work that will keep flowers blooming in our memories even though they are not growing upon his grave. On the day that I find a Phil May original drawing lying in the dust-bin of an artist's home, then, and not before, will I believe that this great genius is in danger of being forgotten.

Driven from Home

FOR the past week I have been working and sleeping in my bathroom. I have worked and slept in all sorts of strange places, but this is the first time that my bathroom has been pressed into such service. And why? Because, forsooth, the road-breakers are abroad, and the enthusiasm with which they bend to their task is such that I have been practically driven from home. Fortunately, my bathroom lies in a secluded corner of the house, and I am just able to think above the din. But only just!

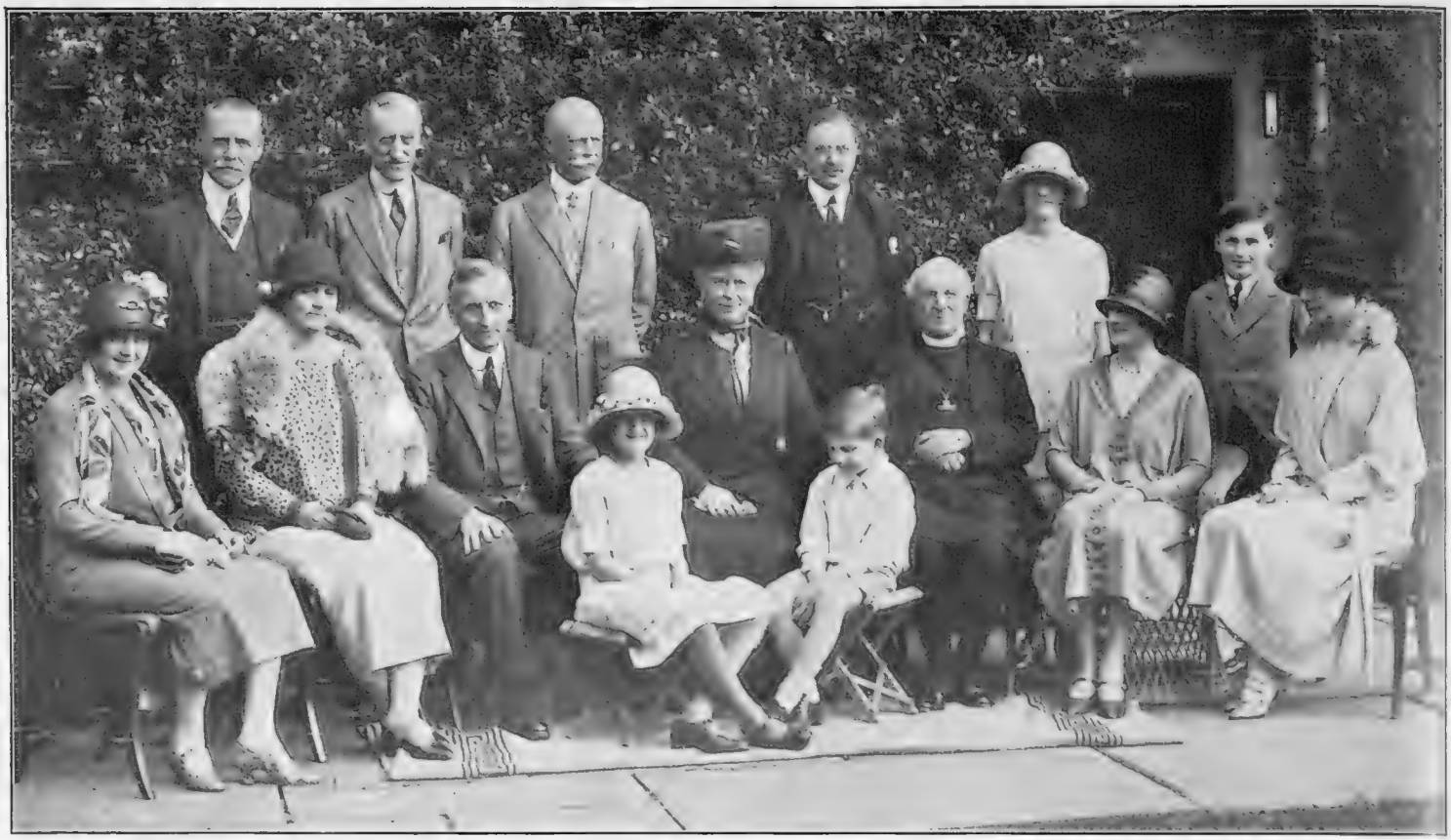
A Devilish Nuisance

THAT pneumatic drill, latest and greatest of all modern abominations, is the cause of all the trouble. If you have not yet had a pneumatic drill in your street you may smile at my troubles, but if you, also, have suffered, you will sympathise with my unhappy lot. For the pneumatic drill is a disgrace to our so-called civilisation. It is the most intolerable and devilish nuisance invented by the wit of man. If I ride a motor bicycle without a silencer I am cast into prison, but the pneumatic drill is allowed to make our streets hideous and to wreck our nervous systems with impunity.

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H. HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS



ROYALTY IN SCOTLAND *Central News*

The house-party at Lord Elphinstone's seat, Carberry Tower, Musselburgh, on the occasion of the Queen's visit. The photograph shows, standing: Sir Ian Malcolm (left), Lord Willingdon, Sir Derek Keppel, the Duke of Atholl, the Hon. Elizabeth Elphinstone and the Master of Elphinstone. Seated: Lady Malcolm (left), Lady Willingdon, Lord Elphinstone, the Hon. Jean Elphinstone, Her Majesty the Queen, the Hon. Andrew Elphinstone, the Archbishop of York, Lady Joan Verney and Lady Desborough

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Court at Balmoral

WITH the arrival of the Queen last week from Carberry Tower, the Court has settled down to its usual programme for the Balmoral holiday in which shooting, naturally, plays the chief part. Scarcely a day passes that the King is not out on the moors, although even at Balmoral, and at this politically "dead" time of the year, matters of State sometimes make a day's shooting impossible.

The Queen takes long walks, visits neighbours round about, and sometimes joins the guns for a picnic lunch or tea. But like the King, Her Majesty has a mass of correspondence to deal with, and this occupies a considerable portion of each morning.

Last year, you will remember, a gloom was cast over the closing days of the Royal holiday in the North by the sad accident which befell Lady Elizabeth Dawson, one of the Queen's ladies. Lady Elizabeth broke her leg whilst climbing one of the hills near Balmoral, and died shortly afterwards in the nursing home to which she had been taken.

Shooting Records

THE King's skill with a rifle is well known, and sportsmen—not to mention others—would be vastly interested if His Majesty's shooting records were ever published. So far, the records of the late Lord Ripon and the late Lord Walsingham have never been equalled. In fifty-six years Lord Ripon shot more than half a million head of game (556,813 to give you the exact figures). In one year he shot 19,135 head—this was his largest annual total—and in another, 18,500. Such was Lord Ripon's skill that when he was seventy he shot 420 grouse in one day and killed 46 out of 47 pheasants in one drive.

The King and Lord Walsingham used to be bracketted together as the best shots after Lord Ripon.

A BRIDE-TO-BE *Russell*

Miss Helen Fergusson, daughter of General Sir Charles Fergusson, the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of New Zealand, and Lady Alice Fergusson. Her engagement was recently announced to Major L. P. Haviland, Military Secretary to her father

The Duke and Duchess of York

LAST week the Duke and Duchess of York paid a visit to the Earl and Countess of Dalhousie at Invermark, going there from Glamis. Recently there were great rejoicings at Dalhousie Castle—which I hear is now going to be let as a school—for the coming-of-age of the Dalhousie heir, Lord Ramsay.

Lord Dalhousie has never fully recovered from the effects of wounds he received during the War, and consequently much of the active management of the estates falls upon Lady Dalhousie, Lord Ancaster's youngest sister. She is to receive—if she has not already received it—the freedom of the town of Brechin as a mark of the townsfolk's appreciation of her interest and help in local affairs.

A tragedy occurred in the Dalhousie family when the present peer was a boy of nine, and his brother, Captain Alexander Ramsay, Lady Patricia Ramsay's husband, was six. Their father and mother died within a day of each other, and under especially sad circumstances.

Lady Patricia Ramsay, by the way, has just gone out to the West Indies to join her husband, who has a command in those regions.

Concerning Partridges

YESTERDAY saw the opening of the partridge season and the consequent joy of hundreds of folk to whom

grouse-shooting is an impossibility, but the prospects do not seem particularly bright. A friend, learned in these matters, tells me that a warm June means big bags when the shooting begins, because fine weather is exactly what the young partridge needs for growth and strength directly after it is hatched.

This year, June was all that the most exacting partridge could require, and a record season was prophesied by owners and keepers. But then there came a cold snap, and a consequent heavy mortality amongst the young birds. So, although the learned will tell you that it is difficult to estimate numbers until after the corn has been cut, it seems that the cold snap in June, combined with the long drought, have made considerable havoc. However, gamekeepers, like farmers, have a strong vein of pessimism in their composition, and perhaps the people who have hurried back for the First from French *plages*, and other pleasant places where you get sunburnt, won't be so badly disappointed after all.

At any rate, whether partridges be few or many, their shooting means pleasant country-house parties—more than a passing comfort in a weary world.

IN A SURREY GARDEN *Alexander Corbett*

A photograph taken at Bagshot Park, the seat of the Duke of Connaught. The group shows: Lady Patricia Ramsay and the Duke of Connaught with his grandchildren Master Alexander Ramsay, Princess Ingrid of Sweden, Prince Bertil of Sweden, and Prince Carl Johan of Sweden

Elliott and Fry

LADY MARJORIE JOAN FITZWILLIAM

The second daughter of the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam. Her engagement to Capt. G. F. Phillips, of the Grenadier Guards, was recently announced

"*B*——— *House*"

Captain Charles Maclean clearly has no fear of ghosts or ghostesses, for he has just bought a house on Tayside, Ballechin, over which spiritualists and those interested in matters psychical waged tremendous controversy some thirty years or so ago.

Ballechin had the reputation of being haunted. All sorts of stories were told of mysterious noises and equally mysterious visitants. Some of the stories were supported by such independent evidence that the late Lord Bute—who was deeply interested in such matters—took the house in order that the manifestations might be thoroughly investigated under the ægis of the Psychical Research Society.

The result of those investigations was a book, *The Haunting of B——— House*, written by Miss Freke, whom Lord Bute had called in to help in solving the mystery. The book made a great stir at the time. One point, if I remember rightly, was the marks of footsteps in flour spread over the floor of a locked room.

The investigation was most thorough and careful, but it didn't lead to anything in particular. The house has had several tenants since that time, but if there were any ghosts they seem to have been "laid," for nothing more has been heard of them.

The new owner of Ballechin is the second son of Sir Fitzroy Maclean, whose baronetcy dates from the earlier part of the reign of Charles I.

LEAVING THE CHURCH *G. P. U.*

Mr. Richard Knight, of the 4th Queen's Own Hussars, and Miss Pamela Godfrey, leaving Holy Trinity, Brompton, after their wedding. The bride is the only daughter of Sir George and Lady Godfrey

COLONEL O'MALLEY KEYES (left), COLONEL LARREGAIN, AND THE MARQUIS DE JAUCOURT AT THE BEYRIS GROUND

IN BIARRITZ—NOW

A few of those wise people who prefer the "dead cert." of the Biarritz sunshine to the gamble of our British variety. A great attraction at this southern resort has been the Polo on the Beyris ground of the Biarritz Club

The Peers' War Memorial

At last the long—and it must be admitted—somewhat acrimonious discussion as to the place in which the memorial to peers and the relations of peers who gave their lives in the War should be erected in the House of Lords has been settled.

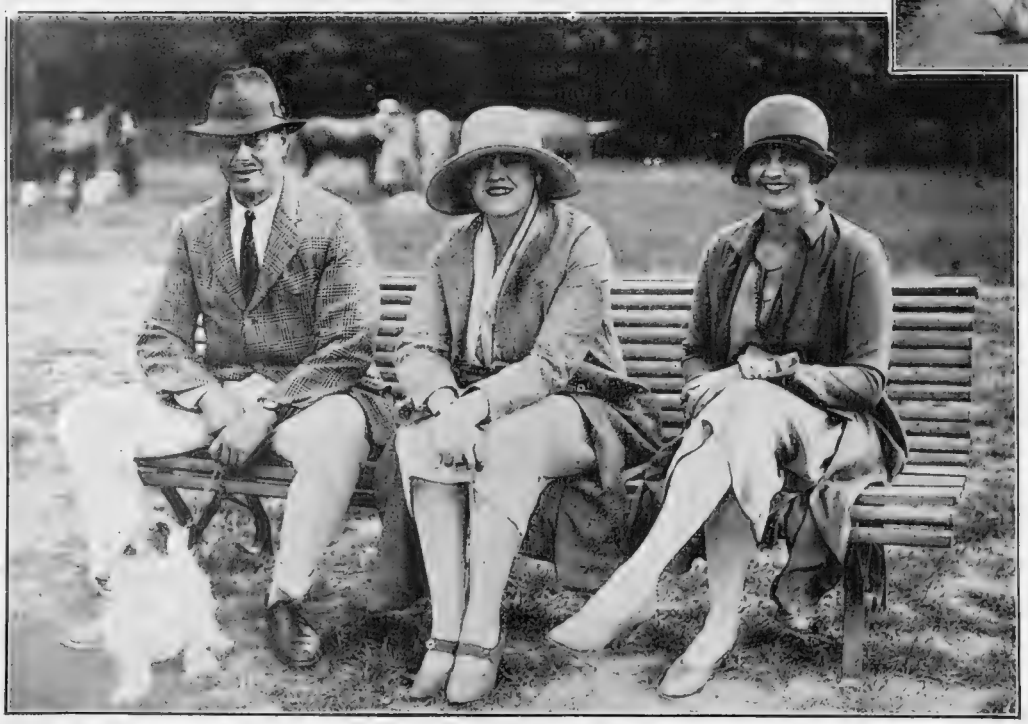
Originally it was suggested that the memorial should be placed in the Royal Gallery. Then other opinions prevailed, and it was decided to remove the statue of Queen Victoria in the archway of the Prince's Chamber to the Great Staircase in the Victoria Tower, and put the memorial in the place of the statue. This suggestion led to a mighty fuss. A large number of peers objected strongly to the removal of Queen Victoria's statue. The late Lord Curzon was an epitome of tact between the opposing opinions, and then, on the King's suggestion, a way out was found by the appointment of a Select Committee to consider the question.

The Committee has suggested that Queen Victoria's statue should remain where it always has been, and that the Peers' War Memorial should be placed in the recess of the window at the upper end of the Royal Gallery.

Thanks to Lord Iveagh's gift of £20,000 for the decoration of the walls of the Royal Gallery, it has been possible to secure the services of Mr. Frank Brangwyn, so the painting of the walls and the erection of the memorial, of which Mr. John Tweed will be the sculptor, will go on simultaneously. But when both will be finished this deponent knoweth not.

All's well that ends well, but there would have been a pretty how-d'ye-do except for the King's tactful suggestion.

MR. H. McCORMICK AND MR. SCOVELL



Photographs *Alfieri*

MAJOR HALLIDAY, MISS KENDRICK AND MISS SOUTHBROOK

Another Sale

Lord Londonderry and Lord Lonsdale are the chief landowners in Rutlandshire, the smallest of all the English counties, which an American once described as "just a pocket handkerchief with fields and hedges on it."

Something like dismay has been caused in the village of Barley Thorpe and its neighbourhood by the

MISS FAIRFAX AND CAPT. JAMES

announcement that Lord Lonsdale is putting up the village and the surrounding estate for sale in the autumn. The estate runs to something over seven hundred acres, with an Elizabethan house which Lord Lonsdale has used as a hunting box. If the house is included in the sale it will doubtless be snapped up by some keen hunting man, for it has some of the best stabling in any hunting country, and Barley Thorpe, as you know, is a good centre for at least three packs.

To the Barley Thorpe people will miss the brilliant yellow Lonsdale waistcoats and the Lonsdale liveries. They have been part and parcel of every hunting season for years past.

Some Dukes and their Heirs

THE elevation by the King of the Duke of Somerset's two sisters and two step-sisters to the rank, style and precedence of Duke's daughters is another example of the vagaries of heirship to great titles. The Duke of Somerset was a comparatively remote kinsman of the late Duke, and the Committee of Privileges had to decide his claim upon an eighteenth century marriage.

Six of our dukedoms have no direct heir. The Duke of Westminster, unless he marries for the third time after two divorces and has a son, will be succeeded by his uncle, Lord Arthur Grosvenor, or that uncle's son, Captain Robert Grosvenor, who has just become engaged. The Duke of Argyll, a bachelor, will be succeeded by his cousin, Mr. Douglas Campbell, who has a son by his first marriage. Another bachelor Duke, his Grace of St. Albans, has his step-brother, Lord Osborne Beauclerk, for his heir. The Duke of Newcastle and the Duke of Beaufort have no children. A brother, Lord Francis Hope—once upon a time the husband of May Yohe—is heir to the Newcastle dukedom. An uncle, Lord Henry Somerset, is heir to the Beaufort dukedom.

The Sutherland duchy, so far, is likewise heirless in the direct line, and when the inevitable succession comes there will be some curious complications.

The Earldom of Sutherland descends in the female line. It was brought into the Leveson-Gower family by a Countess of Sutherland in her own right, whose husband, the Marquis of Stafford, was created first Duke of Sutherland. If the present Duke of Sutherland leaves no children the ducal title will go to his second

AT THE YORK RACES

Visitors to the York Meeting photographed on the inevitable pilgrimage from Stand to Paddock on the first day

Photographs *Topical*

LADY MOUNT EDGCUMBE AND LADY CHESTERFIELD

THE HON. IVY STAPLETON AND HER SISTER, THE BARONESS BEAUMONT

cousin, Mr. Frederick Leveson-Gower, and the Sutherland earldom will go to his niece, the daughter of his brother, the late Lord Alastair Leveson-Gower.

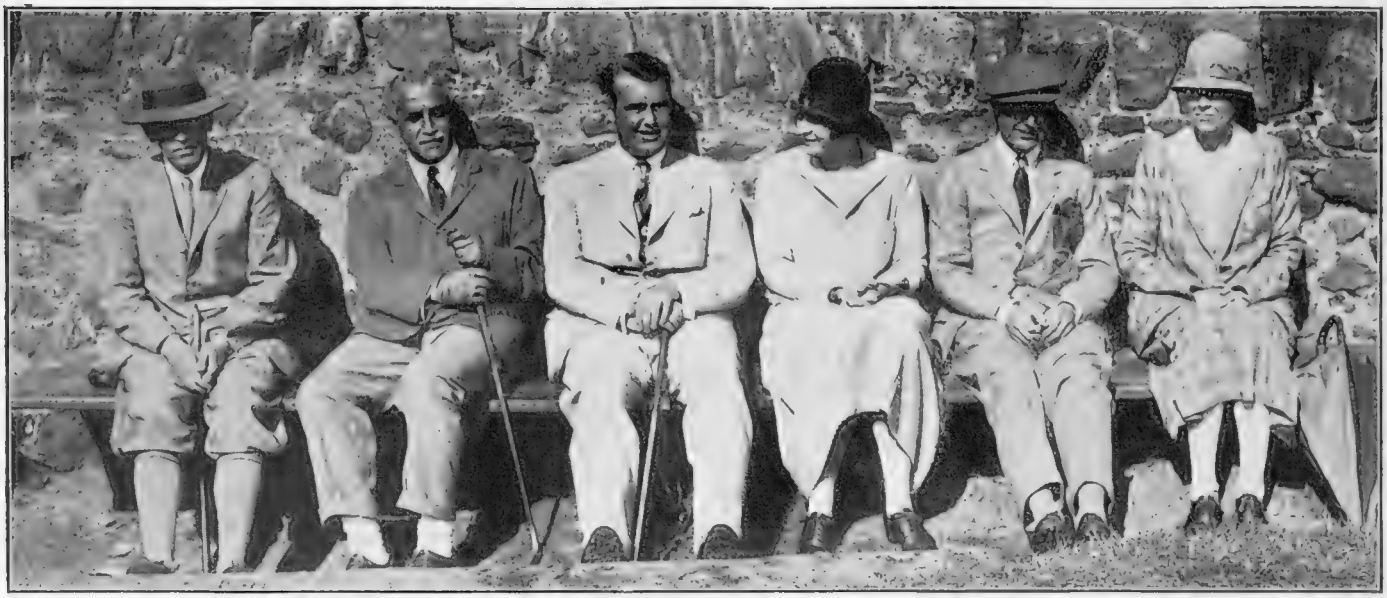
Mr. Frederick Leveson-Gower is married, but has no children, and the next heir after him to the duchy of Sutherland is the Earl of Ellesmere.

Justifiable Nervousness

THE succession of railway accidents in France has caused a considerable amount of nervousness, and no wonder. I have heard of several people who were on the point of departing for Aix-les-Bains who have cancelled their rooms and their cure rather than endure the nervousness of the journey. Even before the War, when the permanent way and the rolling-

A BANBURY QUARTETTE *Sport and General*

Mr. W. G. H. Bromet, Miss Buckmaster, Miss M. Marriott and Miss Marriott among the horse power—but, apparently, not the horses—at the Banbury Horse Show



THE WALL GAME AT NORTH BERWICK *Topical*

Some visitors at the famous North Berwick links awaiting their turn with their backs to the wall. The group shows: Mr. Tooker (left), Mr. E. Esmond, Mr. Cyril Tolley—who has apparently decided that golf is his *métier* after all—Miss Hunnewell, Major Alec Wilson and Mrs. Tooker

AWAITING THE CALL *Alfieri*

Miss Carter (left) and Mr. and Mrs. Townshend-Rose within easy sound of the referee's megaphone, which will presently summon them to "court number so-and-so, please." The photograph was taken at the Southampton lawn tennis tournament

stock on the French railways were in good condition, it was no uncommon thing to be flung out of your sleeping-berth in the Aix train by the tremendous oscillation. Now, you seem to have the chance of being maimed or killed in addition.

A Bridegroom's Plight

THE uncomfortable adventure which recently befell some bathers in the North of England when they were attacked by a swarm of infuriated bees as they came out of the water, reminds me of the parlous plight of the bridegroom at a country wedding in Cornwall at which I was a guest.

The bridegroom arrived the day before the wedding, and, following the protocol, did not sleep at the bride's home—a delightful old Cornish manor-house—but at a house in the village. The wedding was an early morning one. Half an hour before the appointed time, the best man rushed into the house in a state of alarm. He had gone down to the village to accompany the bridegroom to the church; and lo, there was no bridegroom!

He had been called, but from the moment he had answered the landlady's knock no sign or sound had been found of him. His breakfast was untouched. His bedroom was empty!

Off went the prospective father-in-law and one of his sons. The landlady could tell them no more than she had told the best man. An inspection of the bedroom proved that if the bridegroom had left the house he had gone even as Adam before the Fall, and after he had had a bath. For a saucer-bath had evidently been used, and the water splashed half over the room.

A "Smart" Explanation

As father and son were cogitating over the mystery, a muffled voice and a thumping came from a cupboard by the fireplace. Opening the door, they found the missing bridegroom, even as Adam! And this was the history:

Before having his bath he had anointed his head with a particularly sweet-smelling lotion which, the label said, was made of honey and flowers. Whilst he was sitting in his bath, the sweet smell apparently attracted several wasps. They tried to settle on his head. Two stung him on his wet shoulders. More wasps came and more wasps, all buzzing about his scented head. Within a very short space of time the air was thick with them. Seizing the towel, he slashed out right and left. This infuriated the wasps, and he got more nasty stings on his wet flesh.

Matters by this time had become really serious. He couldn't dash out of the room as he was, so took refuge in the cupboard. It was one of those cupboards with a handle only on the outside. So, in closing the door quickly as he popped inside, the wasp-bitten bridegroom made himself a prisoner like the lady in *The Mistletoe Bough*, and there he had remained, breakfastless, naked and unadorned, shouting and thumping in vain.

Alfieri

BETWEEN THE SHOWERS

Lady Swaythling and Lady Crosfield armed for the fray at the Southampton lawn tennis tournament. The rain did much to hold up the proceedings

Summer Reflections

Compton Collier

THE HON. MRS. DOROTHY BOUMPHREY

The second daughter of Lord and Lady Colwyn. The photograph was taken at her home, Boxhedge, Great Budworth, in Cheshire

Motley Musings

FOR seven consecutive days a landlady at Seaweed-by-the-Sea has succeeded in serving hash to her boarders. We may mention that there were no extras.

. . . . . .

AT the last assizes Mr. John Johnson recorded his 101st conviction. His performance is the more creditable as during the whole of his long career he has only been bound over twice.

. . . . . .

BULLY BRIGGS (the old Borstalian half-back) wants only ten more fouls to be given against him to beat the world's record. He is confident he can do this on Wednesday, when he is taking a team to play the warders of his old school.

. . . . . .

IN the month of August two Ealing flappers spent their entire money on lipsticks.

. . . . . .

WITH one murder a day to her credit since January, Chicago easily leads other American cities. New York is trying to excuse her own position by explaining that her citizens consume so much wood alcohol that their fingers become unsteady on the trigger.

. . . . . .

A NEWLY-formed dramatic society in Romford will shortly present *Macbeth*. We shall be having a Dulwich Hamlet next.

. . . . . .

A CERTAIN dancer values her legs at £30,000. A policy has been discovered so that she can modestly "cover" them.

THE EXPLANATION

[IT is said that married men live longer than bachelors.]

1

I have a theory which may
Account for the remark above :
I rather fancy that to-day
Bachelors aren't so keen on Love ;
The schemes concocted by Miss Eve,
Adam has, so to put it, shunted,
Yet just as keenly I perceive
By that young lady he is hunted.

2

He struggles to avoid her snares,
But though he be of good physique,
The constant strain his frame impairs,
And leaves his constitution weak.
Although his mind's made up, no doubt,
No longer with her sex to mingle,
What really wears the poor chap out
Are his endeavours to keep single !

3

Yet Brown, who is a Benedict,
Will simply shake his head and frown,
And absolutely contradict
The thesis I have just laid down.
" My boy," he says, " you're very wrong,
'Tis not that married men are stronger ;
You bachelors live just as long—
It's simply married life SEEMS *longer!"*

BROADLY SPEAKING By TOM COTTRELL

STOUT OLD LADY (*who has nearly been run down by motorist*): "If I hadn't skipped to one side I'd have been run over. I assure you I had a very *narrow* escape."

WE read that a prominent pedestrian has won a walking race for the second year running. Surely the last time out he should have been disqualified.

. . . . . .

SEVERAL members of charabanc parties have been fined for throwing refuse on the highway. Our far-flung bottle line is, naturally, indignant about it.

. . . . . .

All New Guinea beaux
Wear a ring through their nose,
To attract the fair sex, it is said ;
But I put it to you,
What does one of 'em do
When he's got a bad cold in his head ?

. . . . . .

WE are informed that film stars are usually very small eaters. We could hardly picture Lilian being pig-Gish over her food.

. . . . . .

IT is said that one of Sir Edmund Gosse's books has been translated into thirty languages. Most New Yorkers will now be able to read it.

. . . . . .

A LADY has broken off her engagement because her *fiancé* wished her to be a teetotaller. Oh, those whines from the wooed !

. . . . . .

"MUMMY," said little Laura, "do you know I'm so short that my feet only just touch the ground ? "

. . . . . .

"Do you know Dean Blank's sermons well ? "

"Not well, but I've a nodding acquaintance with them."

. . . . . .

WHEN the gentleman, apropos the Post Office officials, remarked, "Oh, their offence is rank ; it smells to heaven," did he have all those Dead Letters in his mind ?

. . . . . .

There was a young girl called
Persephone,
Who cried in a voice that would
deafen 'ee,
" It may not be Greek,
But I think it's more CHIC
Not to say 'telephone,' but
*'*TELEPHONE *!' "*

. . . . . .

"I CAN'T help cutting down your turn," remarked the manager to the irate comedian ; "you needn't make such a fuss."

"Make a fuss ! " retorted the latter ; "I'm going to make a song and dance about it ! "

HARTLEY CARRICK

Shaping Well

BY STAN TERRY

EMINENT TRAGEDIAN: "You see, my dear young lady, the stage of to-day calls for exceptional qualifications!"

STAGE ASPIRANT: "Well, haven't I got them?"

Produced at the Royalty on June 22, 1925

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

According to some distinguished dramatic critics with whom I have the honour occasionally to mingle, this play represents the perfect form of drama. According to myself (an entirely undistinguished person), it is a rather dull and quite uninteresting entertainment. I deplore the fact that if there is any beauty in the play, or any loftiness of sentiment, it has entirely escaped me. It may be that I am a very ordinary person, whose finer feelings have been blunted by contact with the outside world—and there are an awful lot of outsiders about—or it may be that I am one of those persons who have not, and never had, the intelligence to recognise greatness when I meet it. Tennyson began this little controversy some years ago when he protested that, to the ordinary man, a primrose by the river's brim is just a yellow primrose and nothing more; and, as an outspoken American friend of mine recently asked me, "What the hell else is it, anyhow?" With equal frankness (but less emphasis) I had sadly to confess that I did not know.

It all depends upon whether you look upon the theatre as a vehicle for the cultivation of dramatic art in its highest form, or whether it is to be regarded merely as a place of amusement. In my poor, weak way I incline to the latter view. We can better understand the source of this play's inspiration when we learn that it was first produced in Moscow in 1904. Even then, as we now know, the revolutionaries were at their deadly work. The Cherry Orchard in this play, as a concrete thing of beauty, is partly visible on the stage in the first act; as an abstract quality it would appear to stand for those ideals of sweetness and light which the proletariat are usually in such a hurry to tear down and destroy. And this Cherry Orchard has made history. It has been famous as a family heritage from generation to generation, a detail which in the eyes of the Have-nots is a very mortal sin indeed.

The end would not, perhaps, have come so soon but for Madame Ranevsky's wildly extravagant habits. Her forbears strove successfully to keep

the family estate intact, but she has wasted her substance in more or less riotous living. In her romantic disregard for sordid cash details, she has raised money on a mortgage of the old homestead, and seems quite surprised, on her return from a visit to Paris, to learn that the mortgage has not paid itself off by a gift from heaven, or something of that sort. Then Mr. Lopakhin, a friend of the house, introduces himself to us as the last descendant of a long line of peasants. Although he has broken away from the family traditions, and has become a rich merchant, he is still spoken of as "Lopakhin the peasant." And it would seem that he still has the peasant's outlook on life, even though he may gaze at it through a stained glass window.

Hearing that Madame Ranevsky is likely to lose her property by the foreclosure of the mortgage, he tells her that she may easily extricate herself from her financial difficulties by cutting down the Cherry Orchard that she loves and reveres, and selling the land in plots for the erection of desirable villa residences.

Madame cannot, of course, dream of so profaning her noble heritage, though she has no alternative suggestion to make. Her plan is to drift and drift, and hope for the best. In due course, therefore, her cherished property is put up to auction, and Mr. Lopakhin buys it, and turns the family out, and, with a refinement of brutality, sets his woodcutters to work on the historic Cherry Orchard before Madame and her family have time to be out of hearing. This was in 1904; and we know what has happened to the Russian aristocracy since. To that extent, therefore, the author, Anton Tchechov, was more or less prophetic, though, in common with the rest of us, he could hardly have suspected that the *débâcle* would be so disastrously complete.

The story of the play, thinly spread over four acts, is eked out by the antics of inconsequential characters, most of whom seem to be on the lightheaded side. Madame's brother, indeed, Leonid Gayef, is a person who clearly ought, as they say in another place, to be remanded for an enquiry into the state of his mind.

He talks incessantly for the sake of talking, and when there is a lull in the general conversation he makes shots in the air with an imaginary billiard cue, and claims to have got in off the red, or something like that. When he learns that the family is ruined he claims to have got a job as a bank clerk at six hundred a year, though I should fancy any ordinary bank would cheerfully pay a man like that a trifle to keep away from their premises for ever. As Polonius so readily agreed, it is very like a whale.

ALL the characters in the play seem to be a little "touched," and it may be that the success of the company in conveying this impression is a very high tribute to the acting of the play. There is Peter Trophimof, for instance, a student who, having failed year after year to qualify for admission to his university, is still loquaciously eager to preach what he considers the real philosophy of life. His recipe is that we must all be "free"—apparently as the animals are free—and must rid ourselves of all responsibility, moral and material. As a penniless youth, it seems only natural to him that all that is worth having in life should be his for the asking. We gather that, when he runs off with Madame Ranevsky's daughter, Anya, at the end of the play, he is going to be pretty free with her. Jean-Jacques Rousseau was one of the pioneers of this sort of freedom. As is well-known, every time a new baby was born to him he wrapped it up nicely and left it on somebody else's doorstep with kind regards, and went back to his job of preaching liberty and brotherhood.

THE only moderately sane character in the play is Firs, an ancient retainer of the family, who rejoices in the recollection that when Russian serfs were given their freedom he declined to accept the new order, preferring to remain a faithful servant of his old master. This is, of course, merely a repetition of history. On Emancipation Day in America, many faithful negroes, on being told that they were "free," fell down and wept, and refused to be comforted. We are left in some doubt as to the ultimate fate of the faithful Firs. When the family have all left the house the new owner locks the doors and windows from the outside, and then Firs emerges slowly from an inner room and realises that he has been shut up and forgotten like the holiday cat. He is still talking to no particular purpose when the curtain falls.

THE dialogue of the piece is doubtlessly made purposely vapid in order to emphasise the fact that the people represented were incapable of taking heed of the rumbling of the growing storm about them. But there are people of that sort in all revolutions, as Marie Antoinette learned to her cost, and as they say we, in England, may yet learn, if we continue to decline to sit up and take notice. I am sorry that I can see no more in the play than an insistence on the truism that pious demagogues are obviously inspired rather by hatred of the few than by love of the many. *The Cherry Orchard* may be, as is claimed for it, a miracle of dramatic achievement, but I cannot see the miracle with my own eyes, having been unhappily denied the gift of second sight. JINGLE

MARY GREY AS MADAME RANEVSKY

ALAN NAPIER AS LEONID

JOHN GIELGUD AS PETER TROPHIMOF

GWENDOLEN EVANS AS ANYA

EPHIKHODOF (JAMES WHALE)

R.S. SMITH AS SIMEONOF-PISHTCHIK

CHARLOTTE (NORA NICHOLSON) ENTERTAINS

R.S. SMITH AS SIMEONOF-PISHTCHIK

A Pretty "Scandal"!

Alfred Cheney Johnston

MISS ANN BUCKLEY

One of the many devotees of the Spanish shawl fashion, and, incidentally, an attractive item of "George White's Scandals" at the Apollo Theatre, New York

PARISIANA

By "RENÉ"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

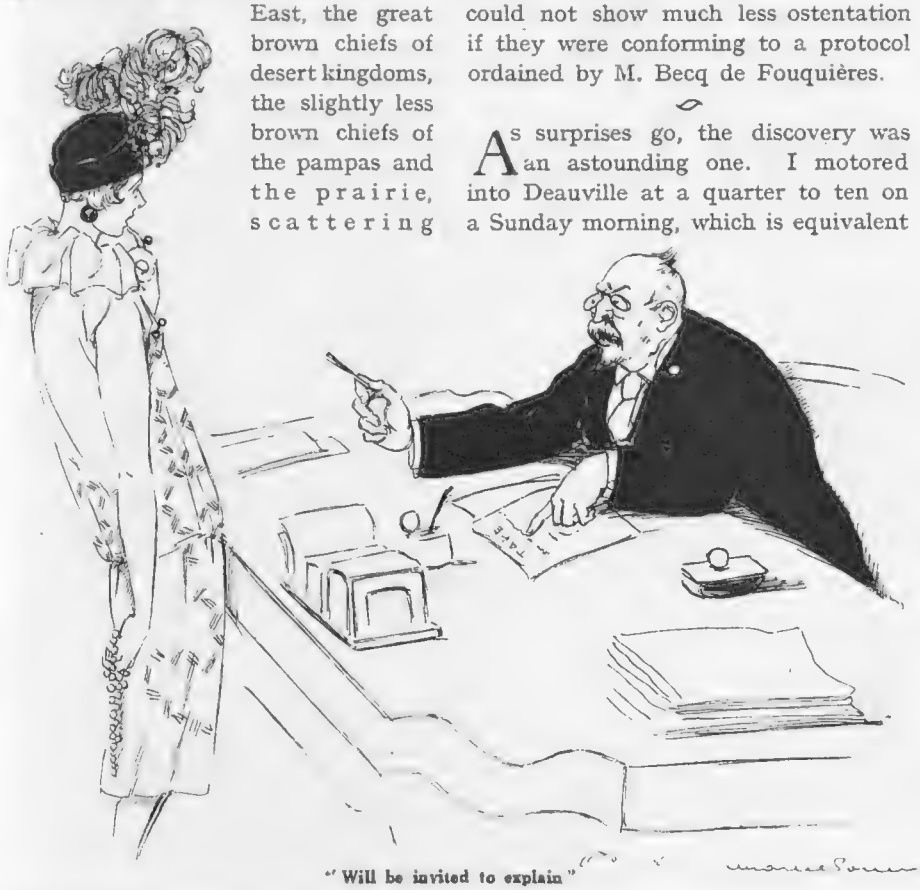
"The familiar *vedettes* were all there"

MES AMIS—

UPON those of us who have made a habit, even if, on occasion, it was not altogether a pleasure, to pay at least a brief visit annually to Deauville at the period of its very restricted high "season" of two to three weeks, there falls the duty of affirming that this year's Deauville is not only a different, but a better place. Outbursts of almost savage cynicism in past years, in the course of commentaries on an extravagance that was little else but blatancy in the extreme, make it a debt of fairness to say that this season has witnessed a transformation which has everything in its favour.

IT may be accidental, but it is very real, and one hopes that it will not be transient. Against a Deauville of the nineteen-twenty-five standard there can be almost nothing in the way of reproach, and even Dinard, which has been very supercilious towards its rival, would have to abandon the traditional air of contemptuous hauteur. It is beyond me to explain how the agreeable change has been effected.

THE familiar *vedettes* were all there—the princes of the Near and Far East, the great brown chiefs of desert kingdoms, the slightly less brown chiefs of the pampas and the prairie, scattering counters representing herds of cattle worth millions, "stars" of the films and the stage, great white chiefs of Wall Street and the City, and *heimatlos* of the Avenue du Bois. But they all appeared to have taken a very big stride towards the simple life. They could not show much less ostentation if they were conforming to a protocol ordained by M. Becq de Fouquières.



"Will be invited to explain"

AS surprises go, the discovery was an astounding one. I motored into Deauville at a quarter to ten on a Sunday morning, which is equivalent to five o'clock in the morning in cities where they work, and the only people I expected to see at that hour were the lads who distribute the *croissants* at the flower-covered villas. We thought also we should have the *plage* to ourselves for a bathe, bathing never having been fashionable previously at Deauville, while bathing at such an unseemly hour as ten of the forenoon would have been held as a sign of an approaching stay at Charenton.

YET, wonder of wonders, the beach looked as thronged as the Avenue des Acacias on a Sunday morning in June, and it was not merely the tradespeople, or day-trippers from Havre, who were ruffling the Deauville waters as they never were ruffled in past years, but the princes and the potentates, the nibs and the nobs. And later, as we drove through Dives—jumping-off place for William the Conqueror when zero hour was sounded in 1066, there was a park of motor-cars in the church grounds that told what a full congregation the *curé* had for Mass. Facts speak sufficiently loudly for themselves, *sans commentaires*, in this new Deauville.

HAVING been unfriendly towards the parading, petulant, wealth-squandering, riotous

Deauville of the past, I shall not subscribe to the view of some cynics that the reformation has been effected by the French Finance Minister, M. Caillaux, who has instructed his inspectors to keep a close watch on the expenditure of *contribuables*, with the purpose of estimating if that expenditure does not obviously exceed the amount of revenue declared for taxation purposes. A few thousand francs difference in the amount paid in taxation by these well-ticketed *vedettes* of the *plage fleurie* cannot be a matter of sufficient importance to them to make it worth their while to deceive the *fisc*, with possible risk of exposure and scandal.

HOLIDAY disbursements are avowedly one of the means by which the inspectors are advised to trap wealth dissimulators, but these hawk-eyed observers would probably do much better at the smaller *plages*, such as Sables d'Olonne or even Dieppe. M. Caillaux intends to be very nice about his new system. When a suspect has been caught spending forty thousand francs a year, after declaring an income of fifteen thousand, he will be invited to explain how he finds it possible to achieve such a *tour de force*, with the chance to admit that his weakness for figures led to an error in the original calculation. Really generous, that second chance. Shrewd M. Caillaux estimates that his scheme of a detective corps will bring in many additional millions. Well, he deserves every franc he can wangle out of the dodgers.

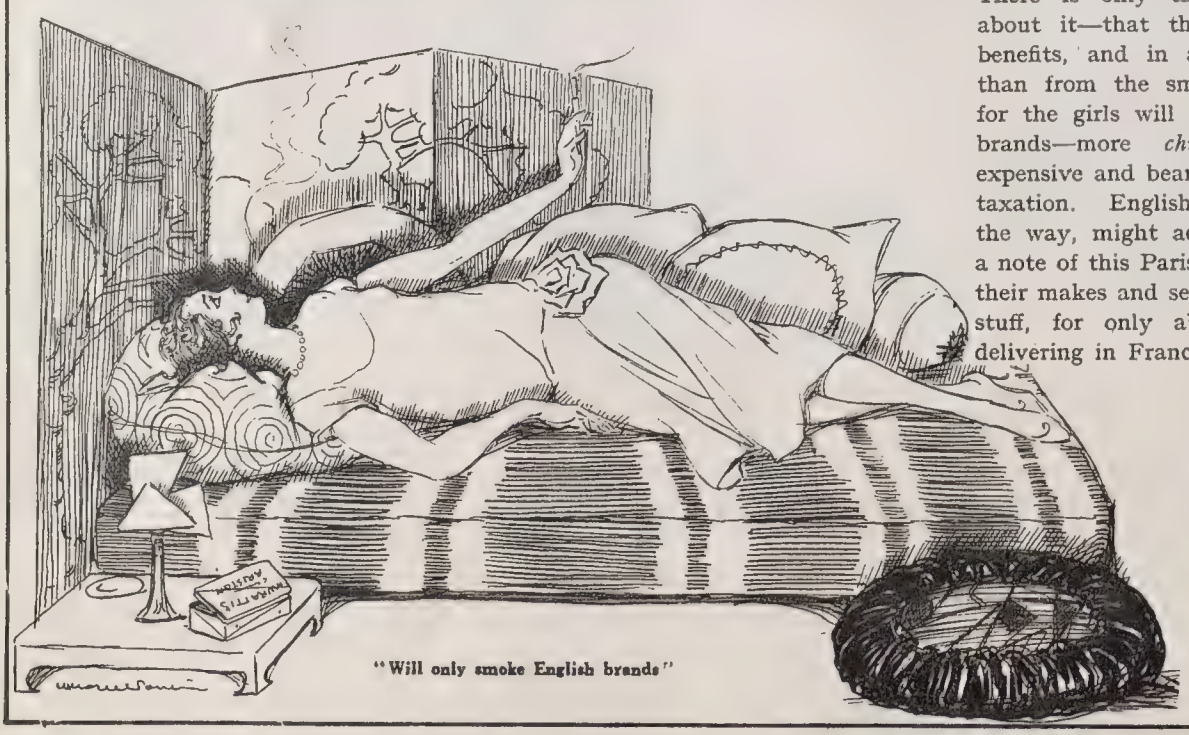
AND, should he secure those much needed extra millions, nobody will be more delighted than the ordinary plain and poorish citizen who pays his debts to the State as regularly and as readily as he meets those to his more immediate and tangible neighbours; for, at present, it is this poorish one who is making up the difference by paying extra prices for State and other wares, and the prices of some State wares, notably tobacco, have jumped to a level which is too high for many pockets. The last hefty addition to the price of *Caporal* caused thousands of *citoyens moyens* to give up smoking, which may be good for the machinery of the individual, but is bad for the machinery of the State. The tobacco department has had to announce a serious slump in its sales already, thus presaging a further *trou* in the Budget.

"Or while promenading"

THERE must be a really extensive movement of self-denial on the part of the old smokers, for there is a class of new smokers which is very ostentatiously contributing, and handsomely, to the revenue. These are the girls of seventeen to twenty, who have acquired the London girls' habit of smoking in public to an extent that becomes disagreeable even to folk who are far from being moralists. When a young Parisienne takes a cigarette in a restaurant after lunch or dinner the picture can be pleasing, but when one remarks them, as one may now see them by the score, puffing furiously while sitting astride the pillion of a motor-cycle or while promenading along the sidewalks of the boulevards, the spectacle is not at all pretty.

THAT they cannot be enjoying the cigarettes is obvious from the pace at which they puff. It is clearly an affair of display, *une affaire d'audace*. There is only the one consolation about it—that the Finance Minister benefits, and in a better proportion than from the smoking of the men, for the girls will only smoke English brands—more *chic*, therefore more expensive and bearing a higher rate of taxation. English manufacturers, by the way, might advantageously make a note of this Parisienne preference for their makes and send over some better stuff, for only about one house is delivering in France cigarettes as good as those they sell at home. Let them remember there are scores of thousands of Englishmen here who can and do make a comparison that is very unfavourable.

RENÉ



"Will only smoke English brands"

Acquiring Polish

BY RENE VINCENT

"My daughter has just bought a piano, ma'mselle!"
"Really, Marthe; is it a good one?"
"*Good* one! It's a wonderful one! Why you can see to part your hair in it!"

THE LAST POS

BY LAURIE TAYLER

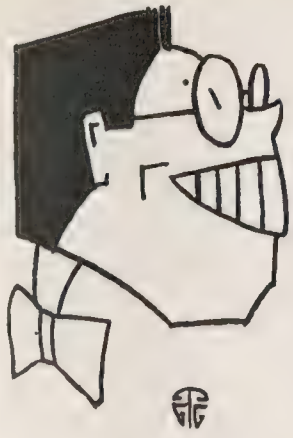
E OF SUMMER

Those Oxford "Finals"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

HOW TO UTILISE YOUR OXFORD BAGS WHEN THEY GO OUT OF FASHION

YOGO HAMA ON HOLIDAY ORDEALS



MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

ARE it not very delicious and luscious sensations to be 1-ce more restfullishly at peace with not any noises or other sounds to rend the ears, but only harmonical hums like as beas or other industrial insects? O yes indeedly and it should cause us to thankfully imbless our lucky stars and suchly goodish omens for this so benevolent oasis. This balmish air, which purveys more vitamines and other health microbes to the sq. pint than any other——

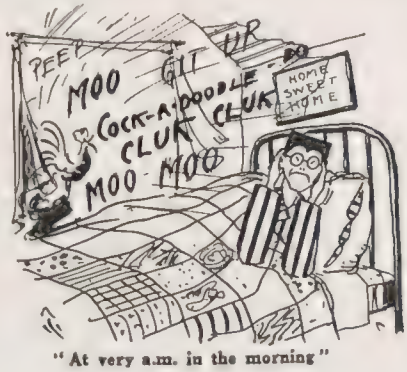
"Excuse me to point you out, Mr. Y. Hama, that you are numerous days past the fair and frightfully non-tropical. What are use of poetically bellowing re imbalmed and other hygienical airs, when 1,000's of persons cannot any more imbibe same because they are return to London for making daily-bread and other awful toils?" you imbark, Hon. Sir?

Ah, this shows you to completely non-possess genius imaginings, but only a mediocre 1 which cannot see more than in front of its nose, I repart snishishly.

"Weary persons returning to rest"

"Perhapsly so, Mr. Y. Hama, but I think you must be more mad as a hatter or suchly spring hare, to whimple re seaside and other rustic atmospheres for persons who cannot ingulp same, but very reversely enjoy only laborious works in Hon. city," you repercush, Hon. Sir?

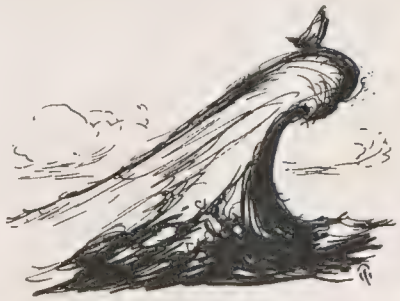
Ha, ha, this shows you to 1-ce more be a frightfully ignoramus person with not a spark of soul, but only brass tacks and other commercial perks in your head. I are not depicting sea and suchly marine airs (which purvey only a smallish % of vitamines because of so much of ozone gas) but London air which are 2-nd to not any other. London, I declam, are the most peacefulish oasis in the habituated globe, and weary persons returning to rest after the fatiguings of the sea and other provincial sides, joyishly light up their faces at the 1-st snifful of metropolitan air. Do these so puffed marine and rural *rendez-vous* purvey us peace and suchly rare blessings, I require? The solution, Hon. Sir, are extremely in the negative.



"At very a.m. in the morning"

For instants, we transport to a farming house (at enormous expenses) to hopefully enjoy the silents and other bucolic perks, but do we succeed to secure same? A 1,000 times no, Hon. Sir. At very A.M. in the morning we suffer arousements from our beauty slumberings by cackles, brays, barkings, bellowings and quacklings more awful as a pandemonium. "O how sweetish it are to hark these innocent and pure noises so entirely non-made by man, petrol or other non-theological engines!" we ejacule. Then we seek to imbibe some more sleeps, but very successlessly because of saidly pure noises which grow more noisier as it gets to be more A.M. After 3 or 5 non-sleep mornings, we piouslessly ejacule "O damn!" and would gladishly imburse £'s for a gun to shoot these pure sounds. "O to be in London with not any cows, ducks or other quacklers," we impine slumberlessly, and also discover to find the air non-agrees with our breakfast stomachs.

The maritime shores are even more worse, and we seek to vainly secure some peace, but cannot succeed to do because of not any in stock. Soonly we grow to become nervish and other medical wrecks because of suffering to be surround by marine horrors like as bathing infantines, musical bands, tripping persons at 3*s.* 6*d.* per return, and other non-blessings which we non-successfully constrained to escape.



"Yackting are very awful pastime"

"Alasly, Mr. Y. Hama, you adumbrate some stupendously awful truths I confess you. But how of yackting, are not this a very peaceish and selectful sportings with not any aforesaidly cackles, brays, musical bands, bathing infantines and other civilization burdens?" you impray, Hon. Sir?

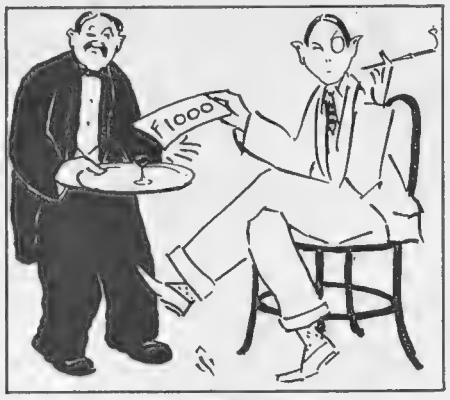
"Surround by marine horrors"

This shows you to be very innocent as a lamb that has not ever yackted, I response. Yackting are very awful pastime and more non-peaceful as a bazaar or other *pandemonia*. Persons who adore to experience stomach evolutions and suchly medical feats may succeed to secure goodishly enjoyments, but I do not greatly love myself to turn insides out and be pumped of all my assets.

"Implastering an impuncture"

"Then how of moting, Mr. Y. Hama?" you bemoan, Hon. Sir?

O yes, I rebark, it sounds to be very



"Suffer awful mulctings"

luscious to speedishly mote at stupendous *h.p.'s* to the gallon like as an express or other stopless train. But how delicious, are it not, to all of a suddenly make discover a deflation or suchly aerial pop? Also to saddishly enjoy implastering an impuncture in some enormous rain which soaks to our marrows to produce us extremely A1 nose-colds. Moting, I begroan, are very super-rated sporting, and should be enjoyed by only hardy persons who love non-comforts and other Anglo blessings.

"You are awfully pessimous person, Mr. Y. Hama, like as Hon. Cassandra, Old Sir Moore and other damp blankets. But how of making visit Paris, Pau, Nice and suchly fashion deposits?" you gruntle, Hon. Sir?

More worse as ever, I rejoint grimishly. If sophisticateless and non-possessing a continental tongue, we suffer awful mulctings like as 1,000 francs for a glass of *eau* or other healthless decocting which presently causes us to endure frightful post-spasms. If, to the contrary, we suffer to endure awful borings by adhering ourselves to a guiding person who bellows us that "to the left we witness Hon. Bois de Boulogne; to the right we also witness to observe Hon. Eiffel Tower which Hon. Sir Napoleon caused to erect for making military lemonade," we can only impine to be dead.

O no, I ejacule blissishly, London are non-equalled for peace and silent noises which almost we do not hear.

"Endure awful borings"

"London are non-equalled for peace"

Also the air are very A.1 quality and produces enormous %'s of pepsins and other visibleless nourishments. Also it are very microbeless because of so much electrics which immediately knock into entirely cocked hats the bacterias and suchly medical insects, thusly making us to grow very healthish with good feeding appetites and other hygienic blessings. O how sweetish it are to think of so numerous 1,000's of fatigue and seedish persons who are now enjoying peaceful convalescents from their holidays and suchly provincial hardships!

Hoping, Hon. Sir, you are achieving good progress in your healths,

I remain,

Yogo Hama

Claude Harris

PUTTING THEIR BACKS INTO IT

Miss Lilian Morris and Miss Margot St. Leger photographed, not as one might suppose in an attitude of mutual abhorrence, but in an incident from one of their eccentric dances in "Tell Me More" at the Winter Garden

The Quick and the Dud

BY WILL OWEN

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE WORKINGS OF THAT "VICIOUS CIRCLE"

Out-door Doings from North an

MASTER JOHN AND MISS JOAN WYLD, MRS. HOPE VERE, MISS DIANA WYLD AND MISS LESLIE CURTIS LAMPOON

MISS CECIL LEITCH DRIVING FROM THE EIGHTEENTH

Photographs

MISS ASKEW

MASTER PETER MARSHAM AND MISS JOAN GRAHAME

Central News and J. C. H. Balmain

SIR HENRY DALRYMPLE

North Berwick is once more in the golfing grip, and the links are besieged daily by enthusiasts who are busily striving to reduce handicaps or set up records. Above are seen some of those who fell victims to the camera whilst so engaged

South in the Sphere of Sport

THE FIELD ON THE MOVE

MRS. WIGGIN (right) CHATTING TO A FRIEND

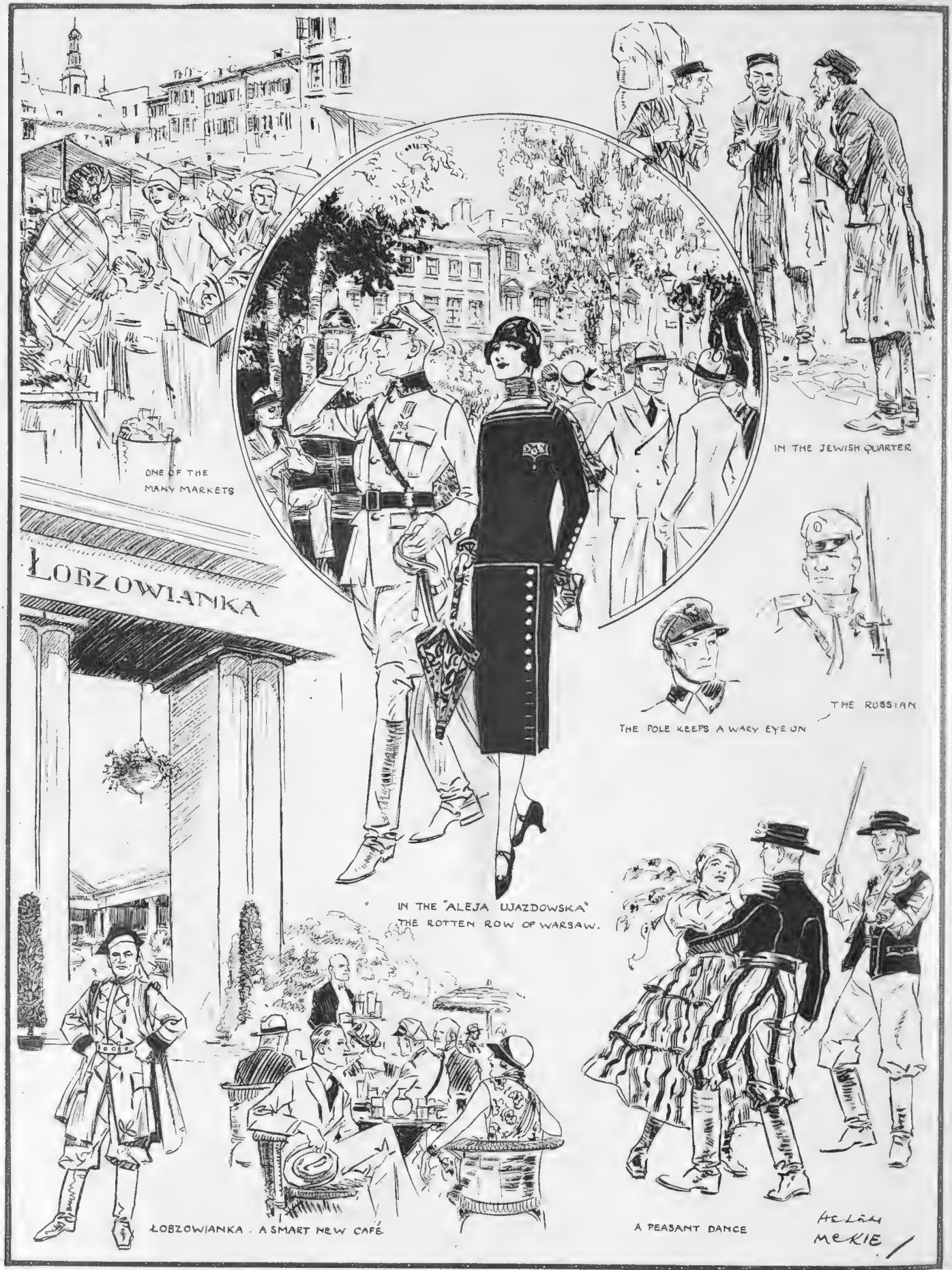
Photographs *Sport and General*

MR. LE BAS (left), M. ALLIERI AND CAPT. E. C. LLOYD

COL. W. W. WIGGIN, the Master (left), THE HON. DENZIL FORTESCUE & CAPTAIN J. PEARCE

Some of the followers of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds photographed at a recent meet held at Winsford, in Somerset. The Master, Colonel W. W. Wiggin, who has held office since 1919, had a good following for the run

Pen Sketches from the Polish Capital



BY HELEN McKIE

Our artist, who has recently returned from Warsaw, writes: "Warsaw is slowly recovering from the effects of the War. Living is terribly expensive, and the humblest luxuries or amusements are very nearly prohibitive owing to the heavy taxation, but in spite of it all, Warsaw is fascinating. The Aleja Ujazdowska, the Rotten Row of Warsaw, is filled with many fashionably-dressed people and brilliant uniforms, but the tourist is conspicuous by his absence!"

THE---DESERTION

By W. A. SWEENEY

"They found a quiet restaurant and sat down facing each other"

THEY met in Piccadilly — John Vivian and his wife. For a moment they stopped and stared at each other. The man's brain seemed to refuse to function properly for a little. Then the woman spoke.

"John!" she said.

"Sybil!" he ejaculated. He could think of nothing to say. He gazed around him a little blankly. "Let us walk along a little way."

"You didn't expect to meet me," she said. "I have never left London."

He was silent, staring straight ahead. Something seemed to have gone slightly mad with the cosmos. That last remark of hers. . . .

"Shall we go and have tea somewhere?" he said at last. "I want to talk."

"So do I," she said. They found a quiet little restaurant and sat down facing each other.

"John," said the woman, "I want to come back."

The man gazed at her, steadily.

"What did you say?" he asked, in a queer voice.

"I want to come back, John, dear, if you will take me."

"If—if I'll take you?" he repeated, stupidly.

"Yes, John, if you'll forgive me. Since I've been with Flora these past two weeks——"

"Since you've been where?"

"With Flora. I have been able to see things as they really are. I see now that everything was my fault, dear, not yours. This kind of revelation is given to a woman sometimes. There is something in the age, something in the air which causes us women to make fools of ourselves these days. John, dear, can you forgive me and take me back?" She looked at him simply, pleadingly, like a child.

The man steadied himself. "Forgive you? Take you back? Why, Sybil I——"

"I know I don't deserve your forgiveness, dear," broke in the woman, "but you are a man, and I am only a woman and, God knows, I see, now, how inferior I am to you! During these two weeks I've thought things out, John. All my preconceived ideas of a place in the universe have been upset. I used to think I had a mission in life—that the incidental trimmings of Funds and Societies and Causes existed for women to assert their personalities and to devote their energies and intelligence to them primarily. Lord, what nonsense that is! My mission in life was—the flat and *you*. Every woman's mission in life is—to have a husband. I was a fool. Let me come back and begin over again, John."

"But you mustn't blame yourself so, my dear," said the man, taking a breath. "Listen, I——"

"No, my dear. I won't hear you assume the responsibility of my cowardly desertion. I, and I alone, was culpable. Let me be generous for once. You, John, I can see now, have not really changed since our marriage. The same characteristics which attracted me long ago have always remained. It was I who grew feverish while you remained patient. You never complained, John, and you were always consideration itself, John," she smiled a little tremulously; "if you take me back, dear, beat me a little from time to time. Women need it, I think."

"But, Sybil, dear," began the man, nervously, "you really must let me speak. I can't sit and hear you take all the blame for everything like this. When you say I was——"

"All I said is true," interrupted his wife. "I come to you, dear, in abject humility and ask you to let me begin again. There is no use in your trying to argue that you were as much to blame as I, because I shall never believe it. Do you know, John, dear, what caused me more remorse than anything else?" He shook his head. "The knowledge that *you* would never have acted as *I* did, no matter what the provocation. I lay in agony at nights this last week, picturing you wandering aimlessly about our poor little flat, bewildered at my perfidy, reading and re-reading that vile, hateful, cruel letter I sent. Oh, it was awful. But I'll make up for it, dear, if you'll give me another chance. Let us go home, John."

"My dearest, of course," said the man, "But I wish you wouldn't blame yourself so. Sybil, what happened to us, anyway? How did we get so far apart?"

"What happened to me, you mean, dear. Oh, John, life is not so difficult, after all, if only we kept a grip on ourselves. Do you remember the days when we used to go for walks down by the Embankment on cold, frosty nights——"

"And you used to wear a little red velour hat," broke in her husband. "God, what a long time ago that seems now!"

"And still it is not so long. I've played the fool since then, that's all. We shall go there again, John, and stand and watch the lights on the river as we used to, and we shall plight our troth again."

"And you'll wear that little brown coat with the fur collar you used to wear then, before we were married? Have you got it, Sybil?"

"It's nearly in pieces, but I'll wear it, dear, and we'll have one night full

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

of dreams and promise by the river as we used to, and then we'll walk home and begin all over again."

"But, listen, Sybil, dear, all these reproaches are too one-sided. I have a lot to——"

"No, you haven't. You are not perfect—no man is. But you have been an angel when I was a devil. John, I shall never forgive myself for the awful sin I committed in writing you that letter. Can you forgive me, darling?"

The man looked at her with an agonised face. "Oh, Sybil, don't," he whispered, "don't speak like that. There is nothing to forgive. You haven't been——"

"I'll tell you what we'll do. If ever I am trying, you will go and bring that little red velour hat that you used to be so much in love with and lay it silently before me. Will you? That will remind me of all this."

The man arose and took his hat from the rack.

"Let us go home, darling," he said.

. . . . . .

When they reached their flat the husband opened the door. Some letters were lying behind it, and these he picked up and stuffed in his pocket. The woman's face broke into happy smiles as she looked around the little sitting-room. It was very dear to her now. It had been their first home, furnished with much economy in those days of happy nest-building. She walked around and touched the furniture tenderly, caressingly. She lifted up cushions and held them in her hands as if they were living things that had pined in her absence, and drooped at her desertion. She turned to her husband.

"Why, dearest, everything seems to be just as I left it," she cried. "Oh, how sweet it is to be back among these dear things once more—with you." She stretched out her arms to him, imploringly. "Oh, you poor dear! What a heartless beast I was! How you must have suffered!"

He took her in his arms and she wept against his breast. Thus they stood for a while, and a little later, when she released herself with a happy laugh and went to the kitchen, the man drew from his pocket the letters he had picked up from behind the door.

Hurriedly he ran through them till he came to the two he wanted—the one his wife had sent him and the other which he himself had written the same night two weeks before, telling her he had left her, that he could not suffer her any longer . . .

Later he burned them both unopened. W. A. S

A Fall from Grace

By P. BEAUFOY

The great official looked terribly stern as he bent his gaze upon the trembling young woman who stood waiting to hear her sentence.

"Er—this report from your superior alleging your very serious misdemeanour has just reached me," he said. "Do you admit its truth?"

He detailed the complaint.

With nervous hands, the girl fumbled for her handkerchief and wiped her wet, blue eyes.

"Ye-es," she faltered.

"How long have you been in the Department?"

"Six months."

The corrugated brow softened.

"H'm! I should have imagined that even so short an experience would have afforded you some acquaintance with the customs and methods of the Service," he remarked. "But you are certainly young and perhaps are not as observant as could be desired. Now, tell me quite frankly how you came to commit the offence."

"I—I hardly know. I suppose I was feeling a little excited about going on my holidays and forgot where I was and what I was doing."

The great man almost smiled.

"There! Don't cry," he said, paternally. "As I said, you are young and there is time to make amends. But you really must be more careful in future. You must bear in mind that ours is a Department with very old and valuable traditions. We have to study, above all things, the public good—the—er—morale in fact. Were such derelictions as yours to become at all frequent, I fear that it might be very sadly demoralized."

"Yes, yes, of course," murmured the girl, trying to stifle a sob with a very ineffective morsel of handkerchief.

"Very well! You will undertake never to repeat the offence?"

"Oh, never, never!"

"In that case, then, we shall overlook the matter. But remember that any repetition of your action might bring upon you serious consequences. Er—you can return to duty. Good morning!"

And as the girl went joyously down the stairs, she registered a vow that never again would she say "Thank you!" to any client of her Post Office branch!

A DOLEFUL TALE By Alfred Leete

Affable Old Lady: "I see you are an artist. What do you draw?"
Artist: "The dole, madam!"

A Mixed Bag from the Scottish Moors

THE QUEST OF THE GROUSE AS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA

A FAMILY AFFAIR

Lord Barnby, with his son, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Francis Willey, and his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Duncan Campbell, photographed between the drives at the shoot given by him over the Castle Menzies Moors, Aberfeldy

AWAITING VISITORS

Major Duncan Campbell, waiting to persuade any grouse which come his way to "drop in when passing." The photograph was taken in the butts on Castle Menzies Moors during Lord Barnby's shoot

IN POSITION

Lieut.-Col. J. Nockells Horlick, M.P., a left-handed shot, and the Hon. Eveleigh Leith in the butts on the Glenkindie Moors. The photograph was taken during the shoot given by Major W. Ropner

Photographs *Sport and General*

IN THE "LUNCHEON INTERVAL"

A scene during the mid-day rest at Lord Lamington's shoot at Lamington, in Lanarkshire. The group includes: Lord and Lady Lamington, the Marchioness of Exeter, Lord Martin Cecil, the Hon. Victor Cochrane-Baillie, the Earl of Scarborough, Lord Raglan, the Earl of Home, and Mr. Ogilvie Mathieson

PEOPLE AT PLAY

"MODES ET ROBES"

By "PENDARVES"

WHILE I made some sort of a show of examining the lunch bill, she said, "Come and play with me this afternoon, you've got nothing to do—you never have."

I said, "How do you mean, nothing ——"

But she rattled on about "an autumn suiting." That I might come and help her choose one, if I would sit quiet and not fidget or look bored. That she didn't know where on earth to go; not much would be over from Paris yet, it was so early. She drummed reflective fingers on the door panel of the taxi, while the driver and I waited her behest attentively on the kerbstone.

I was a bit scared of the self-working lift, but a very superior brand of flapper shut the nickel-plated gate, pressed one of many copper buttons, and then ran ahead and received us one flight up the marble stairs. It was all quite easy really. I was instantly abashed in the large Salon; I am sure it was a Salon, not a room, and instinctively took off my hat. There was nothing whatever *in* the room except a dove-grey carpet, some immense mirrors on cream and gold walls, a couple of 'crushed strawberry' sofas, and a hat rather like the one Napoleon gardened in at St. Helena, perched on a long, naked pole, a melancholy looking affair.

A duchess in a black crêpe de Chine (I *think*) gown and some wonderful pearls came graciously towards us from the middle distance. She must have been from the old aristocracy, she had such a refined voice, and so regal a manner. She bowed wonderfully—like Queen Alexandra does from carriages.

"What was Marm's desire?"

Marm (a new name to me) said, without any reference at all, mark you, "I d'know. What have you got? Have you got *anything*? I want something in place of this horror."

She made a sweeping gesture at herself and sank on to a sofa. I became immersed in its depths beside her. My feet and umbrella seemed horribly in the way.

There followed a few sentences between them in the sort of Esperanto women speak to each other, in which the words "coat-frock," "straight line," "marocain" and "model" emerged.

Her Grace thereupon drifted away under full sail.

I began "I say, isn't this going to be rather expensive—what?"

She cut me short with "Now don't be tiresome, Pen."

And the visitation descended upon us.

The visitation consisted of the comings in and goings out of three superb ladies whom Her Grace addressed as Mimi, Estelle and Daudé respectively. They were obviously English, but I suppose with French mothers. They stood in front of me and simply did not know I was there. Chastened, I tried to dive deeper into the surf of the sofa cushions.

They had a loftiness, a detachment, as of leading ladies with long, lucrative contracts moving about the theatre wings among the stage hands. I was a stage hand.

If Daudé had gone to the extreme of condescension of flinging off that Riviera wrap, reversible from a simple dark blue to a lattice-work of black and white lace, for *my* benefit, I should have stumbled over some such words as—

"Thanks most awfully. It is really dam—er—jolly good of you, and may I send my man round for it, if you are sure you can spare it?"

Not so Marm. She, in her turn, *did not seem to be aware of them!* It was amazing. All the models that *Monsieur Pourquoipas* had "just brought over" were to her a matter of bathos. She implied as much by her cold rejoinders.

"Oh, *no!* M'm, possibly. Bit heavy for me. N-o-o, that's *very* ordinary. Tell that girl to put the red one on again."

At long last the chocolate-brown marocain and the powder-blue something or other were dangled in the scales of decision. Finally, after several false starts and a parade of all ranks, the brown had it, with qualifications.

Mimi and Daudé swung themselves dispassionately away to the place from whence they came, there to hang inertly about passages until closing time—and Life.

Estelle, long suffering and utterly callous, placed herself in the hands of the qualifiers.

The qualifiers were summoned from a fastness of the palace—a man and a woman. He had the mien of a highly experienced verger, accentuated by the little cloth offertory bag which hung from a button of his morning coat. It contained pins, which he transferred to his mouth before use. The woman, his companion and accomplice, stood in the background and a creased flannel blouse, and took his instructions.

"You see, Miss Hopkins, on *that* line, an eighth to a quarter." She was a mere hewer of widths and drawer of stitches.

We departed amid a crescendo of stately bows and vague murmurs as to fitting dates in some nebulous hereafter.

I ventured a diffident question in the taxi. She replied, in guineas, with a yawn.

What would her husband say? How did I mean? What was it to do with him, anyway?

Nothing of this sort had anything to do with him.

Nothing. Except, of course, the ultimate bill.

But then, that's his job. I'm glad it's not mine.

A SHORT SUIT BID

By Jack Gordge

LADY: "I want a smart dance frock"

SALESWOMAN: "Certainly, Moddam! I've just the very thing, which would suit you down to the-er-knees!"

BRITAIN'S LEAD IN CAR VALUE

The New MORRIS

(Reg'd Trade Mark)

Programme

effective Sept. 1st, 1925.

REDUCED PRICES BETTER CARS

FOR the 1925-6 Season, Morris Motors Limited, announce the following improvements and reductions in the prices of their Cars:—

FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES ON MORRIS-COWLEY MODELS.

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VALUE.

The Morris inclusive insurance scheme, by which all cars are insured for one year at their catalogued prices, continues. Remember this when comparing the prices of other cars.

Approximately fifty thousand Morris cars were sold last season, a true gauge of the value they then offered. The present Programme embraces still better cars at still lower prices.

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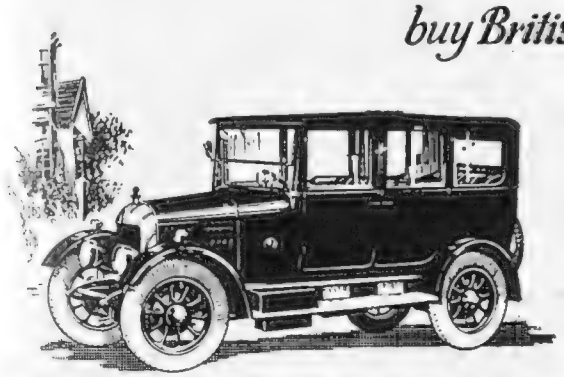
Special attention is directed to the Morris range of enclosed models. In the Morris-Oxford Saloon at £350 the discriminating motorist is presented with a full-sized, full-powered enclosed car from which no possible refinement is omitted. The Morris-Cowley Saloon at £235 in its class represents the maximum value for money in enclosed 4-seater cars.

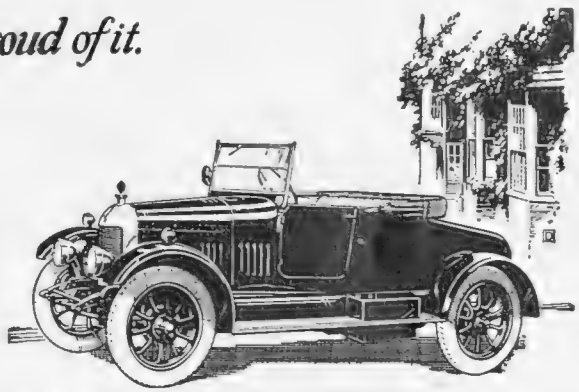
EQUIPMENT AND COACHWORK.

Four-wheel brake equipment is optional only on Morris-Cowley open models. On all other cars it is a standard fitment. On Morris-Cowley open cars a choice of blue or grey coachwork and upholstery to match is also given. On all Morris-Oxford models, except the Landaulette, a choice of blue, claret, grey and brown (a new colour) with upholstery to match, is available.

buy British and be Proud of it.



The 14/28 h.p. Morris-Oxford Saloon represents the maximum value in enclosed luxury cars, incorporating dipping headlamps, four wheel brakes, Bedford cord upholstery, nickel plated rug rail, door locks, etc. Choice of four colours, blue, claret, grey and brown. Fully equipped insured for one year. Price is £350.



The new Morris-Cowley 2-seater has improved coachwork with outside door handles. A choice of blue or grey coachwork with upholstery to match is given. Fully equipped and insured for one year. Price, without four wheel brakes, £162 10 0, or with four wheel brakes, £170

PRICES FROM £162 10 0

11.9 h.p. MORRIS-COWLEY

	New Price £ s.	Old Price £
Two seater, without four-wheel brakes	162 10	175
Two-seater with four wheel brakes	170 0	-
Occasional four-seater, without four-wheel brakes	172 10	185
Occasional four seater, with four-wheel brakes	180 0	-
Full four-seater, without four-wheel brakes	182 10	195
Full four-seater, with four-wheel brakes	190 0	-
Fixed head Coupé, with four-wheel brakes	195 0	210
Two-door Saloon, with four-wheel brakes	235 0	250

These prices include one year's insurance.

14/28 h.p. MORRIS-OXFORD

Four-wheel brakes fitted to all models.

	New Price £	Old Price £
Two-seater	240	260
Four-five seater	260	285
Coupé *(folding head)*	285	305
Three-quarter Coupe *(folding head)*	295	-
Cabriolet	330	365
Saloon *(four-door)*	350	385
Landaulette	360	395

All prices are for delivery at our works at Cowley, Oxford.

FULL DETAILS IN SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF

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THAT AUGUST MYTH

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"The woman of fifty-nine or so who decides to give up the unequal struggle"

LONDON, *August* 31

DEAR COUSIN—

So I suppose it really *is* autumn now. We've been putting off thinking of it, haven't we? most of us, but now August's waned anything but wanly (spite of showers) to its close, can't any longer disguise from ourselves that our rather extra special *quotum* of summer has more or less gone, finished and vanished into the *ewigkeit*.

EVEN August, according to some purists, is truly autumn, and it's only because of a bad old custom of having school holidays then that we continue steadfastly to kid ourselves that it's summer at its very height and zenith. Scorching, cloudless days we go on expecting year by year of poor old August, and year after year the aforesaid month produces chilly mornings and coolish evenings and a goodly allowance of rain. Whereat we, being probably sojourners for several weeks in some hotel at Somewhere-by-the-Sea—said hotel being equipped optimistically with a view to perpetual sunshine, and we, with equal optimism, having brought with us only one set of even moderately warm things, if that—proceed bitterly to bewail our astonishing bad fortune.

OH, those melancholy mornings when we rise from our matutinal couch all full of holiday fervour and vigour and vim, our thoughts firmly fixed on the day's delightful programme. After (of course) somewhat excessive breakfast enjoyed in our sunny window-seat, and subsequent pleasant cigarette and bask on the lawn, there'll be—let me see—a couple of sets of lawn tennis, and then nine holes or so on the links, finishing up just where there's that sandy path down to the beach. And then the bathe, more basking, lunch . .

LUNCH alone at that seaside hotel deserves a whole paragraph to itself. A somewhat toilsome stroll back from the shore, I grant you, in the burning sun, unless you happen to have the luck or good guidance to be picked up by one of the home-bound cars of youthful motorists, eager to do (for suitable persons) their day's good deed. But having arrived, what nectar and ambrosia it seems, doesn't it? that very common or garden hotel food—with the sea sparkling well in view, and the sweet, salt smell of it still in your nostrils, and more of the morning's joys to come over again afterwards, only probably better still so we hope, not to say expect.

"Furs have never ceased to function as adjuncts to our frocks"

BUT that's just the dream we cherish, isn't it? and that happens, say, about once in ten, or thereabouts, when the gods are extra propitious and remember that we've, after all, toiled and moiled for our so-called holiday, so do deserve at least an occasional smile. Whereas only far, far too often it's quite a different sort of affair. And on rising from above-mentioned couch—if not already blown out of it by local (au)gusts, accompanied by bracing drizzle—our spiritual thermom. falls to somewhere about zero at the spectacle encountered through the open window (which we're well-nigh tempted promptly to shut).

INSTEAD of that sort of soft, golden light of morning, with a gentle caress in the air and a whisper of perfect things to come, with a blue-green sea beckoning, and just here and there a faint, fluffy, white cloud to make more splendid the deep azure of the sky—behold, the whole horrid affair's just one huge Frown. All the colour's cut of everything, and the landscape seems to have shrunk into one dull blob of grey. And how terribly tiny and dreary somehow, one's holiday landscape *can* get when those gods do turn their thumbs firmly and cold-heartedly down.

PERHAPS it's because we never really get to know it, and on proper speaking terms, so to say. It's a high-pressure and specialised kind of existence, after all, come to think of it, however rapturously healthy and divine. I mean, there's so many thousand yards of golf links, and so many tens of yards of tennis courts, and so many hundred yards of shore, and a road or two and a bit of cliff. . . . And there you are. So far as you're concerned for your blissful three or four or more weeks, not only the rest of the world, but even the rest of Somewhere-by-the-Sea and district simply doesn't exist. So when, by reason of a bout of typical August weather, the various specialised pleasure-centres cease to function, you're simply right on your beam-ends, done to the world and down and out.

HAVING, of course, also burnt your boats, if a true August holiday-maker, in the way of any sort of work

or amusement brought with you from home. And if the skies produce that frown—as they do nine August days out of ten, only we'll never get ourselves to believe it—we're just reduced to bridge (only there's never a four when you want it) or dancing to the gramophone (which palls after a while if started at 10.30 a.m.), or that last resort of the brothers and sisters of the Ancient and Optimistic Augustine Order, a Nice Long Walk in the Rain. Oh, those horrible mackintoshes, that terribly energetic enthusiasm, that too painful openairishness-at-any-price of the walkers in the rain!

卐

FAR, far better me-thinks just to resign oneself willingly, yea even joyously, to circs, and collect for once in one's so-called holiday a real holiday worthy of the name. In other words, do just exactly nothing at all—which is after all the original origin or purpose of a holiday, only we've entirely lost or forgotten the art. On one of these Impossible August Days you really get your chance at last of avoiding every conceivable kind of work (in the guise of pleasure) except the necessary and not too strenuous labour of alternately opening and shutting your jaws while assimilating meals. Perhaps that's *really* why August was originally chosen as the holiday month, only people have long ago forgotten the most excellent and ideal first cause thereof. . . .

"A goodly allowance of rain"

卐

AND now even our cherished August Myth being undoubtedly over, lo and behold September's here and a very nice month, too. Wherein we can for one thing unblushingly and without further chat admit honestly to ourselves that autumn has arrived—like the woman of fifty-nine or so who decides to give up the unequal struggle of keeping up to the mark with beauty courses, and Mme. Julie's patent complexion baths, and M. Chose's special hair treatment twice a week or so at a couple of guineas a time, and just lets herself go comfortably into . . . no, not middle age, because we've abolished all that, but anyway the more or less philosophic stage where they don't seriously attempt to annex their daughters' young men.

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AS a matter of fact it's our young contingent or section of society that have had the real struggle to face, and had to bear all the brunt of committing, as Mr. Pitt would have said if he'd lived a bit later, "the atrocious crime of being a young woman." But seem to have lived that down at last, we do, or anyway beginning to, to judge by remarks of various most respectable persons who nowadays actually confess that ankle-length skirts, blushes whenever spoken to, and a complete inability to converse on any topic of the day are not absolute and indisputable proofs of ideal womanhood.

卐

RATHER a nice month, too, September, in its way, because it provides such a lovely excuse for such lovely things. As, for instance, the purchase of winter clothes (of course, we got our autumn ones years ago) and, above all, furs. Which have never ceased to function, of course, as adjuncts to our frocks, and are now going stronger than ever as such, but now can with clear conscience and with full show of reason to such Lords and Masters as hold the purse, be proved to be a pressing necessity, *ipso facto*, as you might say, and in bulk.

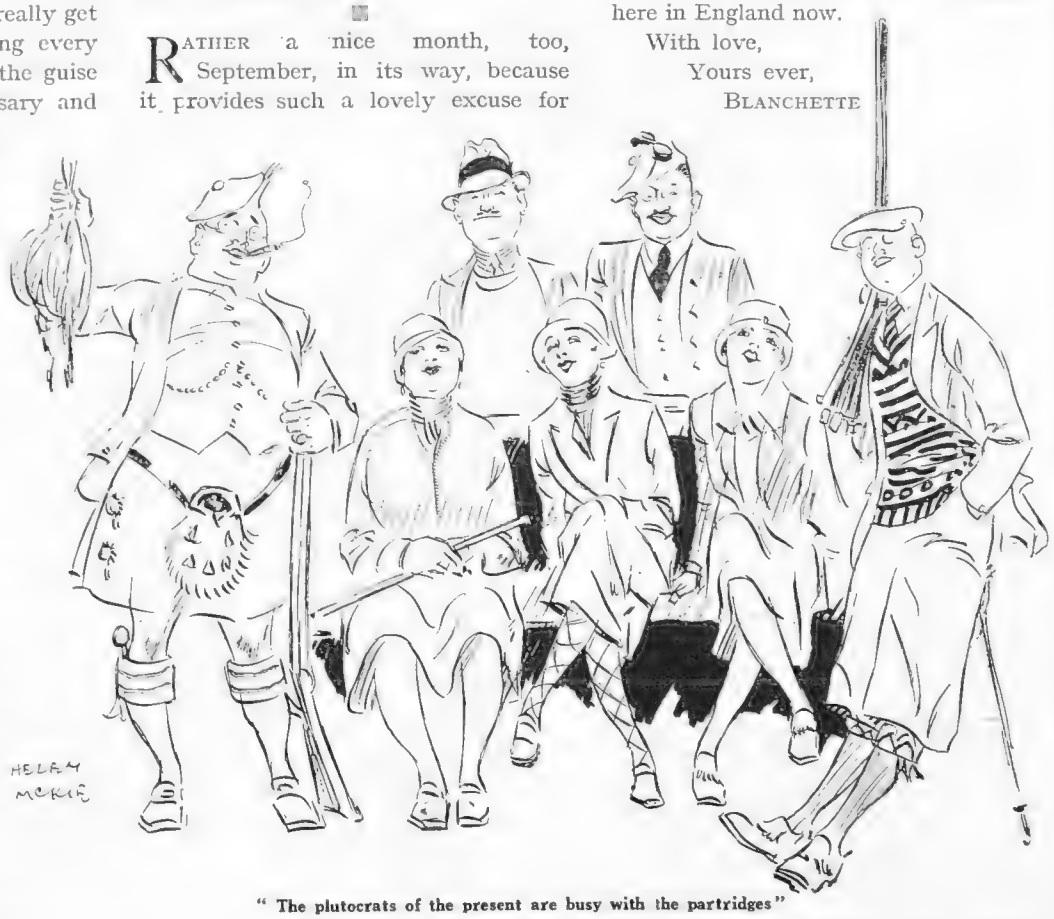
卐

WHICH reminds me, by the way, there's to be, very topically, a Fur Ball at Covent Garden on November 5 that every one of us has simply *got* to go to, quite apart from pleasant shopping associations, being for the very best of causes, the Middlesex Hospital to wit (which, as you may have gathered, from THE BYSTANDER and other leading sources, is in imminent danger of falling down). All the best actresses are going to do a fur parade at it, and the best fur-trimmed fancy dresses will be rewarded with prizes of lovely furs.

卐

REGULAR sort of renaissance of dancing starts right now, though, and all the local resorts, such as the Savoy and the Piccadilly and Prince's, and so on, are tuning up for a fresh new rush, now September's here, spite of the fact that the plutocrats of the present are busy with the partridges, and the lootocrats of the future equally occupied with quite another sort of "hopping" here in England now.

With love,
Yours ever,
BLANCHETTE



"The plutocrats of the present are busy with the partridges"

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

By "The Tout"

WILLIE WAUGH

One of the famous family of brothers who train at Newmarket. Willie's best horse of recent seasons has been "Verdict." He also trains "Hussein," a possible starter in next week's "Leger"

Picaroon

Alec Taylor has often been referred to as the wizard of Manton, and we all admire him as the head of his profession. But he is not such a magician that he could make Picaroon a fit horse last week after the colt's prolonged spell of idleness. Outwardly there was nothing amiss with Picaroon, but he could not have been "clean inside," otherwise he would have put up a much better show against Spelthorne. Although Alec Taylor was not himself at York, I imagine he fully expected the colt to win the Duke of York Stakes. As a fact, Picaroon had come along at such a rate upon resuming vigorous work at Manton that people in the stable believed that the task on the Knavesmire was not beyond his powers.

Saucy Sue

A decision as to the running of Saucy Sue in the last of the classic races is likely to be arrived at on the day of the publication of this issue. Until she has been formally galloped Lord Astor prefers to keep an open mind as to the wisdom of starting her for the St. Leger or saving her for the much easier task in the Park Hill Stakes two days later. For my part I hope that the decision will be to run Saucy Sue against the colts. It is well known that fillies are at the top of their powers at this season of the year, and since the end of the War we have seen two of them, Keysoe and Tranquil, carry off the highest honours at Doncaster. The racing public has a warm corner in its heart for Saucy Sue, and I know of many good judges who will not look beyond her for the winner if she is in the field.

Chapeau

Perhaps it was because we were all awaiting the reappearance of Picaroon with such acute interest, but my impression was that the Ebor fell a bit flat this time. Undoubtedly the field was on the mediocre side, and it was impossible to muster up much enthusiasm about any of the competitors. Chapeau is a game little bit of stuff, and her easy victory was a great triumph for her owner-trainer, Otto Madden, who has never received adequate support since he started his small stable.

Cloudbank

One was sorry not to find Cloudbank in the field at York owing to the firm state of the going, but he is fresh for his next effort, which will probably be in the Prince Edward Handicap at the end of the present week. I fully expect **Cloudbank** to win that race, and if he is absent I shall pick Daimyo. Another important handicap this week will be the Peveril of the Peak Plate at Derby on Thursday, which may be won by **Prompt.** For the Palatine Nursery on the following day I select **Himera.**

"There's one great joy old Izaak never had"

"In old Izaak Walton's time there were no Bean Cars. His 'field' of operations was strictly limited — whereas I can as easily run up to Scotland as down to Cornwall — as easily spend a week-end on the Welsh Lakes as on the Broads. With my Bean Car I can set out upon a 200 mile run, confident of getting there to time, safe in the knowledge that the Bean four-speed gears will see me over *any* hill, that its four wheel brakes will always function. Fishing—or any other sport for that matter—would pall without such a trustworthy friend as the Bean Car."

The prices range from £298 for the "Twelve" two and four seater models to £585 for the "Fourteen" Saloon de Luxe

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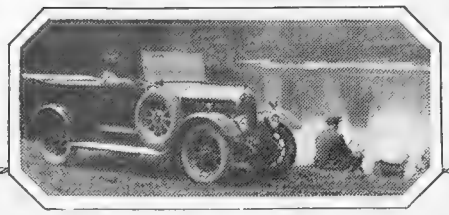

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Ready in a moment with hot or cold water

At all chemists, in four sizes, 2/-, 3/6, 8/6 and 15/-
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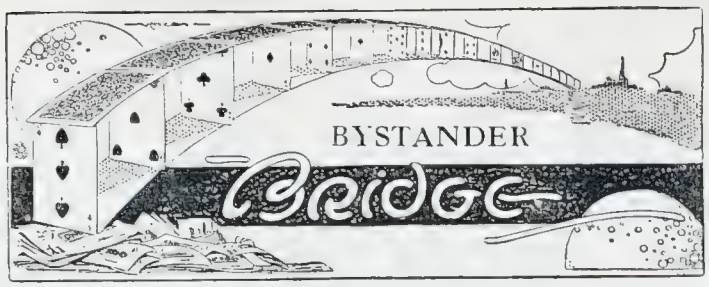

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

DOUBLING A NO-TRUMPER

"THERE is one good thing about these American doubles," said an experienced player; "they have put the fear of the Lord into the light No-Trump bidder."

This is perfectly true. Before the American informative doubles were played the light No-Trump maker often "got away with the goods" far too easily. By his bid he frequently snatched a game-winning contract from the other side. He might just make the odd trick, or perhaps he went down 50 or 100 points. But in any case, if the opponents had a game hand between them and were debarred from bidding it, he got off very lightly. Now, with the informative double hanging over his head, he is afraid to take liberties, and is bound to see that the light No-Trumper does not pay.

. . . . . .

But this is not the only advantage of the No-Trump double. It gives second hand a chance of bidding. On English methods second hand was bound to sit quiet with good cards unless his hand was so strong that he saw a probability of game. He had to adopt a rôle of passivity or masterly inactivity, and be content to save the game. Now he can take the offensive if he has a reasonably good hand.

A third virtue of the informatory double is that it promotes partnership and team work. The holder of the better hand has frequently to subordinate himself to a partner with the weaker hand. He has to be Dummy and not play his own good cards. This is certainly excellent discipline.

. . . . . .

The whole theory of the informatory double is to try to discover the best bid for the joint hands. Just as "No bid" is still a bid under our new laws, so a Double is a bid. It is a bid and nothing more—not a declaration. The American player is not content with trivial penalties. He is out to make game, and the informatory double offers chances which otherwise would not arise.

What is the minimum requirement for a sound informatory double of one No-Trump by second hand? Mr. Milton Work lays it down as five high cards (Aces, Kings or Queens) divided among at least three suits. But, if the double is made by fourth hand, one more high card is required to make the double sound.

Thus Z bids "One No-Trumps." A should double holding—

(1) S—A, x, x, x. H—A, x, x. D—A, Q, J. C—x, x, x, or (2) S—A, x, x, x. H—K, Q, x, x. D—x, x. C—A, J, 10.

The only instance in which Mr. Work would admit a departure from the five high card minimum is when A has only four high cards (at least three of which are Aces and Kings) and length and strength in both major suits, the hope of the doubler being that his partner may have a hand which fits a major suit. Here is an example. Z "One No-Trumps." A holding—S—K, Q, x, x. H—A, x, x, x. D—x, x, x. C—A, x, should double, because if his partner is able to take out in either major suit it may be a game-winning hand.

The action of B when A has doubled No-Trumps depends upon what Y does. (*a*) *If Y passes*, B must take out in his longest suit, except in the unlikely event of his hand being so strong that he feels sure the double of "One No-Trumps" will result in substantial penalties. Otherwise he must bid his longest suit, giving preference to a major suit over a minor suit in case of equal length, even though the minor may be stronger.

(*b*) *If Y re-doubles*, B must show his longest suit.

(*c*) *If Y bids a suit*, B's responsibility is over. He is not bound to show a suit or make a bid, and should not do so unless he possesses more than average strength.

. . . . . .

Now let us consider the position of Y when Z's No-Trumper has been doubled. He can: (*a*) Pass; (*b*) Bid Two No-Trumps; (*c*) Re-double; (*d*) Bid two or more of a suit.

His course will naturally depend upon the nature of his hand. If he has merely average assistance he should pass and await results. With more than average assistance he will be justified in bidding "Two No-Trumps" or re-doubling. But on this point there is difference of opinion among American authorities. Some hold that the greater the strength Y possesses the less need for him either to bid Two No-Trumps or re-double. It is better for him to wait and hear what B has to say, as it may give him or his partner a chance of a business double later.

Against this, however, is the point that if the double is sound a business double of two of the suit bid by B (however weak his hand) will not be particularly profitable. Therefore it is better, when Y has a good hand, to bid up and either reassure his partner that he is safe in No-Trumps or show a long, strong suit. I think that Y should be guided by the state of the score. In the first or second game go for the penalty, in the third game go for the rubber.

. . . . . .

But all writers do not agree. Whitehead recommends the re-double even in the first game.

Here is an example of how it works out—

	S—K, 10, 4. H—A, Q, 7, 6.	D—Q, 10, 5, 4. C—5, 4.
S—A, Q, 7, 3. H—J, 5. D—A, J, 9, 3. C—K, Q, 8.	*Y* *A* *B* *Z*	S—6, 5. H—10, 9, 8, 2. D—8, 7, 2. C—10, 9, 3, 2.
	S—J, 9, 8, 2. H—K, 4, 3.	D—K, 6. C—A, J, 7, 6.

At love all, Z bids "One No-Trumps"; A "Doubles"; Y "Re-Doubles." If B says "Two Hearts" Z and A pass and Y doubles, and if B says "Two Clubs" Z doubles Y, Z will penalise A, B 300 points at either call.

I would recommend my readers who want to understand thoroughly the use of the informative double in all its ramifications to read the chapter on the subject in Bergholt's book *Modern Auction* (Hutchinson). It gives the latest, clearest, and most concise explanations and descriptions of modern American practice.

WINNERS OF FINGER-PRINT COMPETITION, No. 9

WE print below the names of the readers who successfully claimed their finger-prints, published under the heading of Selection No. 9, in our issue of August 19th. A cheque for One Guinea has been sent to each of these entrants.

Miss M. TEBBUTT, Stanley Villa, Benhill St., Sutton, Surrey; F. CARVILL, St. Margaret's, Mill Hill, Westham, Pevensey; Mrs. DENTON-TUCK, 25, Matham Grove, East Dulwich, S.E. 22; E. DOWNS, "Woolpack," Minories, E; E. LUCAS, 29, Hurst Street, Oxford; F. CHARLES, 18, Mortimer Street, Herne Bay; Mrs. COTTELL, 57, Rye Hill Park, Peckham Rye, S.E.15; W. MCBRIDE, 9, Morrison Street, Lavender Hill, S.W.11; Miss M. M. HULLS, 100F, Queen's Buildings, Collison Street, Boro'; F. CHERRILL, 67, Trinity Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.17; T. SCRIMGEOUR, Police Station, Cullen, Banffshire, N.B.; Mrs. A. T. REED, 20X, Peabody Avenue, Pimlico, S.W.1; A. G. HONEYBALL, 98, Hardy Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19; V. MARSTON, 24, Prince George's Avenue, West Wimbledon; Miss GLADYS WALTERS, 51, Eversleigh Road, Battersea, S.W.; Mrs. STANLEY, 34, Chatto Road, Battersea, S.W.; D. LAMB, 50, Over Street, Brighton; Mrs. HILLMAN, 14, Alexandra Road, Finsbury Park, N.4; J. O'BRIEN, 76, Aubert Park, Highbury, N.5; Mrs. E. M. BARKER, "Trevalor," Potton Sandy, Beds.; Miss L. SULLIVAN, 413, Bethnal Green Road, E.2; Mrs. L. M. HARRIS, Hambleden, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon; A. L. MADDEN, 202A, Dunstan's Road, East Dulwich; Mrs. F. BUTLER, 31, Esmond Road, Kilburn, N.W.6; Miss E. OWDEN, 20, Rye Lane, Peckham, S.E.15.

HAS YOUR FINGER APPEARED IN PRINT YET?

You may win a Guinea every week. *For details and coupon, see page* 572.

THE SPIRIT OF CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness is largely a matter of outlook. The World is never such a bad place if thoughts dwell on its bright side. After all the happiest life is made up of working hard, playing hard, and rightly appreciating upon suitable occasion the really helpful partnership of . . . . . .

DEWAR'S

THE name PLAYER on a packet of cigarettes guarantees the quality and purity of the contents. It is more than a name—it is a *reputation and a tradition.* Far-reaching resources have secured for PLAYER'S the very cream of the world's tobacco crop, the choicest growths of Virginia leaf—cured and matured under ideal conditions with the skill and knowledge born of wide and varied experience.

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"White Label" 10 for 5½d.

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Medium 10 for 6d.

P.1220A

FEMINA

SUMMER CHRISTMAS CARDS

By MRS. M. VINCE

I OPENED the Trades Section of *Kelly's Directory* four or five times at random. Each time I was rewarded. I found among trades carried on in London: Plumasiers, Drum Battledore Makers, Grab Manufacturers and Philosophical Instrument Makers. I do not suppose that you have ever heard of them before, any more than I had. I expect you are wondering, as I am, what these trades are. The Directory must be full of queer trades that sound as queer as any in Mr. Chesterton's *Club of Queer Trades*.

BUT there are queerer trades than the trades with queer names. Has anyone written a book on the things which are made in England but which you could never buy here? There are, for example, the idols made in Birmingham for China. It would probably not be worth while to put the idols on the English market; there would hardly be sufficient demand for them. But one comes across things which are, quite unaccountably, made in England only for sale abroad.

A FRIEND of mine once saw, in a Dutch shop, a beautiful dinner-service which attracted her because the dishes were of a shape quite unlike any which she had ever seen in England. She would have bought it, but, to her surprise, she found on it the name of a very well-known English firm. So she waited until she came home, and went direct to the firm. They knew at once the china she meant; they made it for Holland, but for Holland only. She was told that she could not buy it in England. In its way, that is even more odd than to be called a grab manufacturer, or to make Chinese idols in Birmingham.

THE other day I came across another odd little trade—a trade carried on under our noses in Oxford Street—for the sole benefit of the people of another country. I went into a stationer's to buy a picture postcard, and the stationer asked me if I would like some Christmas cards. I have careful friends who do all their Christmas shopping weeks before Christmas, but I have never heard of even the most careful of them buying their Christmas cards in August. I did not even know, until this moment, that one could buy Christmas cards in August. I said that I thought I would leave Christmas cards until a little later. "Oh," said he, "then you are not an American."

(That he thought I was American showed what an astute salesman he was. I had carefully chosen a picture post-card which I thought would interest a foreign friend. There must have been something subtly foreign in that choice, which he noticed at once.)

THEN he showed me the calendars and Christmas cards. The shop was full of them. While the rest of England (except, perhaps, the editors with Christmas numbers to get ready) was further away from the thought of Christmas than at any other time of the year, he was doing a busy trade in Christmas cards for Americans. He was selling them as fast as the consignments arrived. One American, he told me, had ordered two hundred of one card.

IT was very interesting to see the sort of cards and calendars that are made for the American visitors. None of them was quite the same as we shall see in three months' time. They are made for this summer trade alone. There were coloured views of Ann Hathaway's cottage (inside and out); scenes from Dickens, and pictures of fox-hunting, referred to by many of the purchasers as "racing-cards."

A SHAW SUCCESS

Miss Billie Shaw, the young American dancer, who, with her partner Mr. Barrie Oliver, is appearing with great success at the Café de Paris

THERE will be cottages and gardens full of flowers in the shops in December, but we are not so interested in Ann Hathaway's cottage. We shall not want to send our friends pictures of the old settle in which not only Ann Hathaway, but "we ourselves have sat." There will be scenes from Dickens, but for us the makers will not give the chapter references.

BUT the most interesting cards were the winter scenes. We have our own sentimental winter scenes, with robins and deep snow-drifts, and waits and church bells and old coaches, but nothing so vividly coloured as these snow-bound pictures of the English Christmas which are prepared for American visitors. And our cards are frankly romantic. They are the "old-fashioned Christmas," which we fondly believe did once exist, which we hope may come again. They are nothing in the least like anything we know.

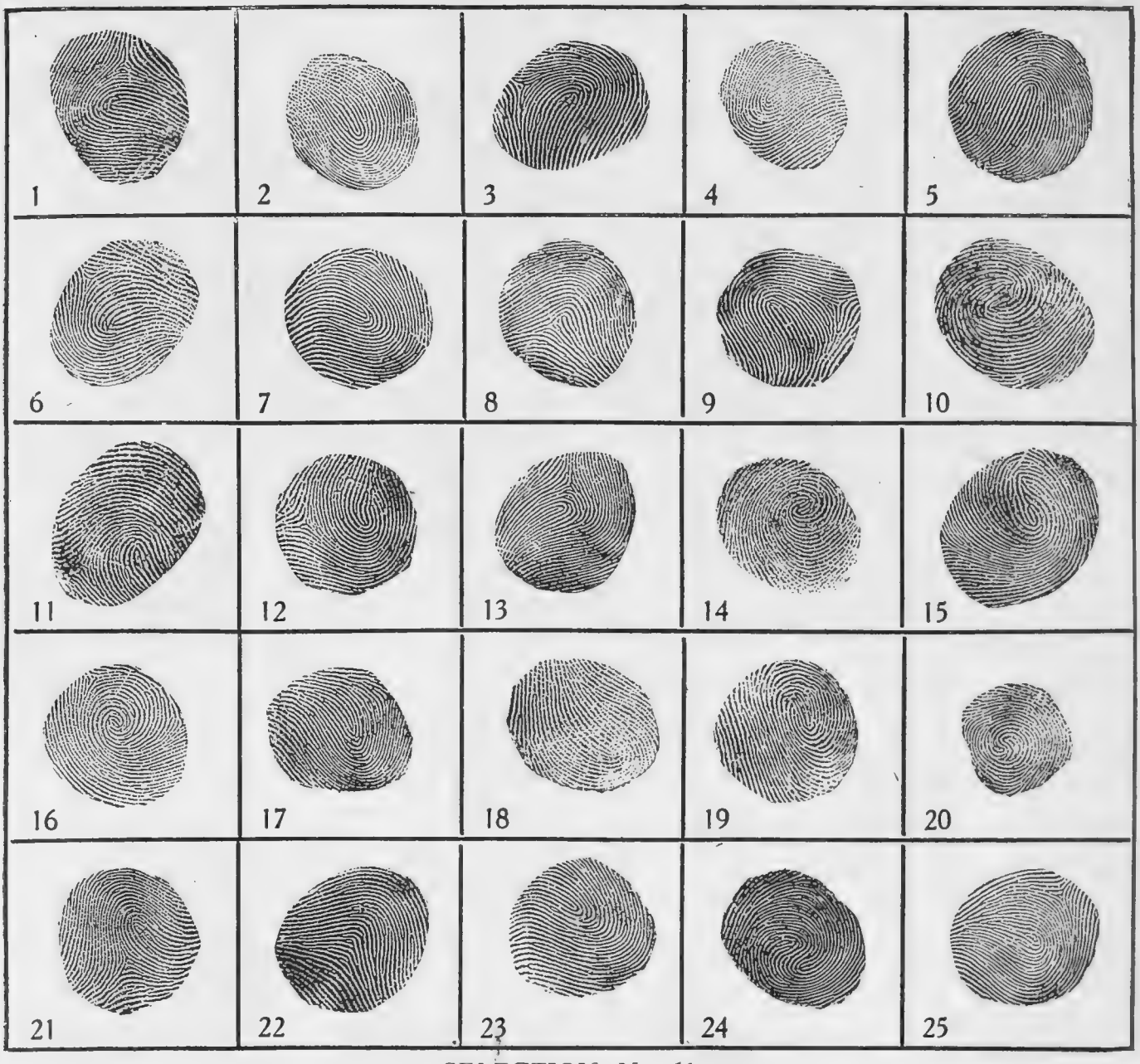
BUT what do the Americans think of these pictures of the English Christmas? Do they buy them as they buy Ann Hathaway's cottage or the "racing-cards," as a record of English life and scenes? The great majority of them have never been in England at Christmas time. Will they return to America and show their friends exactly what an English Christmas is like by means of what, after all, should be the best evidence, the pictures which we ourselves make of it?

That is the worst of being a romantic people. We mislead others without in the least meaning to do it.

A "ROUND" NUMBER

Miss Eileen Peel and six of the chorus singing "Dancing All Over The Town," in Charlot's Revue. This show has proved a very decided winner at the Prince of Wales' Theatre in recent months

MONEY FOR YOUR FINGER-PRINT



SELECTION No. 11

Above are twenty-five finger-prints selected from those sent in by our readers before August 24. Next week and for each succeeding week we shall publish, in the manner shown above, a further selection of twenty-five finger-prints. Anyone who can successfully identify his own will be awarded a prize of ONE GUINEA.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

1. Make a clear impression of your thumb-print in the white space on the coupon. Take some ink of dense consistency, smear it over a pad or sheet of paper. Then press the thumb lightly over the smeared ink. Readers should note that **black ink only** must be used.

2. Fill in the coupon with your name and address, and post it to THE EDITOR, THE BYSTANDER, GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, TALLIS STREET, E.C.4, to reach us by first post on Monday morning, September 7. Mark your envelope "FINGER-PRINT" on the top left-hand corner.

3. Keep a duplicate impression of your own thumb-print for future reference.

4. When the twenty-five selected thumb-prints are published (in our issue of September 16) examine them carefully and see if you can recognise your own by comparing it with the duplicate you have retained. When you have picked out your own finger-print from our selection (which will, of course, be numbered as are the examples on this page) send in your claim to the Editor—your name and address and the number of the thumb-print you have identified as your own.

5. All Claims in the case of the selection reproduced above should reach us by first post on Wednesday, September 9, the envelope being marked "CLAIM No. 11."

N.B.—Finger-prints bearing scars or disfigurements will be disqualified. The Editor's decision is final.

Bystander Finger-Print Competition.

No. 13

September 2, 1925

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

This coupon must reach us by first post on Monday morning, Sept. 7

Only one thumb to be placed in this square.

A list of prize-winners who successfully identified their finger-prints in our ninth selection (published August 19) will be found on page 568)

"FAMOUS WHITE HORSES"

The White Horse at Uffington, Berkshire.

This famous landmark between Didcot and Swindon marks the approximate site of the battle of Ashdown, fought in A.D. 871, in which the Christian Saxons, led by Alfred the Great and his brother Ethelred, routed the Danes. Tradition says that Alfred, to celebrate the victory, caused his army to carve the White Horse the day after the battle.

Series I.

By Appointment.

High up—

in the estimation of the connoisseur, with a reputation as ineffaceable as the White Horse at Uffington

WHITE HORSE
Scotch WHISKY

WHITE HORSE DISTILLERS LTD.
GLASGOW & LONDON

THE LARGEST INDEPENDENT WHISKY FIRM IN SCOTLAND

DOGGY PROGRESS

A QUESTION OF EDUCATION

By "THE KENNELMAN"

Less than a month to run now before the most important of all the Dog Shows, the Kennel Club's 64th annual, at the Alexandra Park, which it is already safe to say will beat all previous records. For the first half of the present year the Kennel Club's registrations totalled just upon twenty-six thousand—25,984, to be precise. For the same period in 1922 they were 14,056, whilst in the first half of 1924 they were 21,176. Expert analysis indicates that some two hundred thousand pedigree Dogs have been bred in this country during the past three and half years. Registrations of the fashionable Alsatians for the first half of this year have been more than double those of the first half of 1924, which in their turn were just on double those of the same period in 1923—an extraordinary record. Up to a point there may be truth in the saying that "Fashion rules Fancy"; but enthusiasts who predict that the ultra-fashionable Alsatian will shortly displace our own Gun-Dogs, not to mention our world-famous Airedales, Sheepdogs, Bull-Mastiffs, etc., display at once a curious ignorance of British psychology, and of our canine records during the past half-century. Meanwhile, Kennelman finds many fanciers share his own view that, alike in physique and temperament, the best of the Alsatians are, not the imported stock, but those with the most British breeding behind them. They are all newcomers, to be sure; but, judged by our standards of sportsmanship—very different from those of the original home of the Schaeferhund—the sahibs among 'em are those bred in British kennels from British-bred forebears.

The Kennelman has a confession to make. Discovering a good while back that a little additional care given to the process of training young Dogs on the lead was sufficient to implant in them for life the same respect for the cleanliness of footpaths and pavements as they are of course taught to show for the rooms of a house, he has made a point of advocating this practical minor branch of education, wherever possible—ostensibly in the interests of public comfort, hygiene, and convenience. (Once you make clear to him the uses of the gutter, and your wishes in the matter, the decently-bred and educated dog will never misuse the footway.) In truth, the Kennelman was, in this as in some other matters, even more concerned with the prestige and general well-being of Dogs, than with public convenience; for, in the past, he has seen canine good repute suffer from no fault whatever in Dogs, but solely from carelessness and neglect on the part of their human associates. By the same token, it is exceedingly unfair to motorists, and dangerous to the public—not to mention the cruelty involved—to take Dogs into busy and crowded thoroughfares, save on the lead, or after *thorough* training in keeping to heel and avoiding traffic.

To all correspondents enquiring about the treatment of illness in Dogs, Kennelman would say the *first* (and most economical) step is to call in expert canine veterinary advice. *Prompt* diagnosis and treatment; that's the vital thing. Lots of doggy "accessories" are superfluous; like the formidable whips one sees about, not even ornamental. But the name, address and 'phone number of the nearest really good *canine* vet.—that's an asset you should possess. Make full, wise and timely use of it, and you'll need it but seldom.

+

Brilliance plus economy plus durability, that's what you get from every

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All Electricians, Ironmongers & Stores sell them

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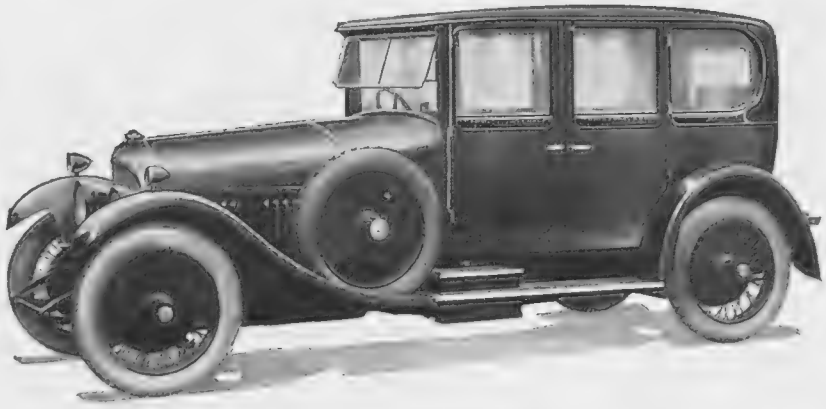
THE SUPER CARS

The Standard "Long Wheelbase" three-litre chassis completely equipped

£895

Complete Cars from

£1,225



THE Standard "Long Wheelbase" Three Litre Bentley has established itself as a touring car in which high Road Performance, Maximum Simplicity of Upkeep, and Luxurious Travel Comfort are united. It is an inexpensive Car, because whether used for Town or Country it is a No-Trouble vehicle. It is built for hard work, it is proof against inattention, it is a car on which the Tool Box is less of a necessity than a mere Precaution.

The unique features of its design—multiple overhead valves, double ignition, &c.—make for lasting efficiency, but they are primarily there for Reliability, and in respect of this quality the Bentley—as every owner will confirm—admits no equal.

Behind each car is a Five Year Guarantee, and an ungrudging Service Organisation.

The following additional Bentley Models are now available :—

The new "Light Touring" three-litre chassis with complete equipment	*£795*
Open 4/5 Seater on "Light Touring" chassis	*£995*
The "Speed Model" three-litre chassis completely equipped	*£925*
The "Big Bentley" six-cylinder 6½-litre chassis completely equipped	*£1,450*

BENTLEY MOTORS LTD.
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WOODWRIGHT

CAMERA NOTES

THE HOLIDAY ALBUM

By T. L. J. BENTLEY

THE EGGENTAL GORGE, ALTO ADIGE, ITALY

FORTUNATE indeed is the snapshot-maker who can turn to his albums of holiday snapshots for a reminder of the scenes, incidents and companions of past holidays. For him the happy times that are gone are not ended, but can be vividly lived over and over again, as he idly turns over the leaves of his albums. It is little wonder that many an amateur numbers his holiday albums amongst his most prized possessions, and finds in them an ample reward for his hobby.

Slip-In v. Paste-On Albums

EVEN if it be only an unpretentious series of snapshots in a slip-in album, a permanent holiday collection is well worth making; and this method of doing it best meets the case of the worker who must make a quick and easy job of it.

But that is all there is to be said for it. It makes it impossible to introduce any individual treatment or proper selective grouping of the prints, and forms a bar to any form of artistic finish. If the photographer has any heed for these refinements and is willing to go to a little pains in the compiling of his album, he must unhesitatingly choose one of the paste-on variety. A ready-bound one, for choice, if his collection of prints is one that can conveniently be prepared or planned out exactly in advance; but a loose-leaf form if the facility of changing or re-arranging sheets is valued.

The Choice of Album

A FAIRLY large-leaved album is desirable, say 12 by 10 ins. for even 3¼ by 2¼ ins. prints, so as to allow plenty of scope for effective grouping of the prints and for inserting titles and explanatory notes. Stiff leaves of hard surface should be chosen, preferably light in tone; brown for sepia daylight prints, or light grey for black-and-white prints or for combinations of the two. If prints of both kinds are used, they are best arranged apart on separate pages.

One of the main advantages of this method is that it permits trimming each print to its most effective form, removing empty foregrounds or blank skies and eliminating unwanted figures, etc., from the margins. Yet another merit of the paste-on album is that enlargements of specially favoured subjects may be interspersed as desired amongst the smaller prints.

Points as to Finish

THE white margins of masked prints are sufficient to give an attractive appearance; but when prints are trimmed down they should be given a finishing touch by a neat outline added in black or white ink. Other decorative touches in headings, titles and pen-drawn designs will readily suggest themselves; and, if tastefully done, with studious avoidance of over-elaboration, they will greatly enhance the artistic appeal and the interest of the collection.

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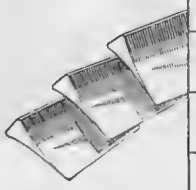
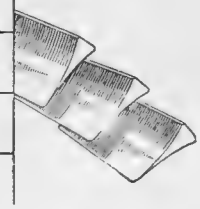


	Wafer	Cuneiform	Rolls
1	Yes	Yes	Yes
2	Yes	No	Yes
3	No	Yes	Yes
4	No	Yes	Yes
Efficiency	50%	75%	100%



Do you know?

Do you know that a good razor blade must have:

1. A fine edge.
2. Cutting clearance, *i.e.*, it must permit the cut hair to escape under its edge instead of pushing it along in front of the edge like a squeegee.
3. The necessary solidity to keep the edge rigid and to cut strong growths.
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The comparative table shown above applies these four tests to the different types of razor in use.

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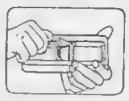
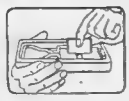
Its ONE blade is guaranteed for five years.

ROLLS RAZOR



Stropping and honing is carried out in 10 seconds. No skill is required and a perfect edge is automatically obtained.



The Blade is attached for stropping and honing by a simple quarter turn. There is no mechanism anywhere to get out of order.

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MOTOR NOTES

IN LEAFY WARWICKSHIRE

A photograph taken in the beautiful park at Walton, near Wellesbourne, in Warwickshire. The car is one of the latest 14-45 h.p. Rover models

Motor shows are now looming in the near distance. Manufacturers are completing their plans for the 1926 models, and all will be ready when the Olympia car show opens on October 8. From the advance information that I have received it would appear that there will be nothing very startling at the Show. Design is standardised and prices are stabilized, and any modifications will be in the nature of detail improvements. There will be little difference between the 1925 model and that for next year, but the improvements made in manufacture will result in cars which run even better than those of the present year's vintage.

* * *

I am particularly intrigued with the cleverness of the man who invented what I may call the slow-speed washer for Morris cars. Everyone admits that a car must be driven gently for the first few hundred miles, but human nature is so fallible that it is often impossible to avoid putting the foot down and indulging in a burst of speed, greatly to the detriment of the new car. With the washer in position it is impossible to drive a new Morris at a greater speed than 30 m.p.h. The lower gears have also to be used more frequently, which causes them to be run in more satisfactorily. After the car has covered about 500 miles the washer can be removed and the car driven in the normal manner. I know many owners who strictly obey the recommendations of the makers, but if the car has been overdriven before delivery by some enthusiastic agent all the preliminary damage has been done, and all the care of the owner will not be able to neutralise it. With the new Morris washer, which is sealed, the purchaser has a guarantee that the car has not been overdriven before it has been delivered to him.

* * *

I have always had a particular respect for any example of motor-car engineering emanating from Germany or Austria. Our late enemies certainly do know how to make cars. In some cases the appearance of the completed vehicle may not appeal to our British ideas of art, yet no fault can be found with the mechanical side. I have recently carried out a searching test of one of the latest Austrian cars—the Steyr—and in this car I found one which combines first-rate motor engineering with an attractive appearance. The whole car from the steel upwards is made throughout at the one works, the exceptions being the ignition and starting gear and the tyres. There are many points of attraction about the Steyr. Starting from the wrong end, as I usually do, the first point to strike me was the completeness of the tool kit, and the very high quality of the tools. These are also made by the car manufacturers. The makers claim that the tools provided allow of a complete overhaul of the car, a valuable point for those owners who are out of reach of the ordinary amenities of civilization.

* * *

On the road the Steyr is a fascinating car. The six-cylinder engine allows one to crawl through traffic, and at the slightest opening very rapid acceleration can be secured. The car I tried was new, and there was more than a suspicion of stiffness, yet it could exceed a quite honest mile a minute. Considering that the rating of the engine is 24 h.p., and that the body is remarkably roomy, this is a really good performance. A special word must be said about the braking system. The pedal operates brakes on all four wheels, while the lever operates a separate set of brakes on the rear wheels. Apart from the fact that a fairly heavy pressure of the foot is required (no doubt due to the car's newness), the four wheel brakes operated admirably, either on wet surfaces or dry, whether the car was travelling straight or on corners. The springing is another attractive feature of the Steyr. The long springs are very flexible, and, assisted by shock absorbers, give a suspension which is equally good at high speeds as at low, usually a difficult combination.

* * *

I have just received his latest book from my friend of many years, Professor A. M. Low. It bears the intriguing title of *The Future*, and gives the author's distinctly original views on the way in which civilization will have progressed in the next thousand years. Among other things, the author touches on the future of motoring, wireless, artificial light, sound, inter-planetary communication, warfare, politics, art, religion, women and trousers, and on every subject he has something interesting to say. If everything transpires as Dr. Low prophesies, the world should be a somewhat dreary place in a few thousand years' time. Everyone will be dressed in an efficient boiler suit, made probably of synthetic silk or felt, partly lined with metal for radio reception and health treatment. Still, as the author gracefully admits, "everything in this world is a matter of opinion." It is a book that is well worth reading.

George C. Stead

OFF TO SUSSEX

Miss Hilda Bayley, the well-known actress, on her way to Peacehaven, where she did some filming. The car in which she made the journey was a Studebaker

THE
BYSTANDER
Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4

No. 1,135.—Vol. LXXXVII. Wednesday, September 2, 1925

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Gently sloping PLEASURE GROUNDS and paddock, in all about 2¼ ACRES.
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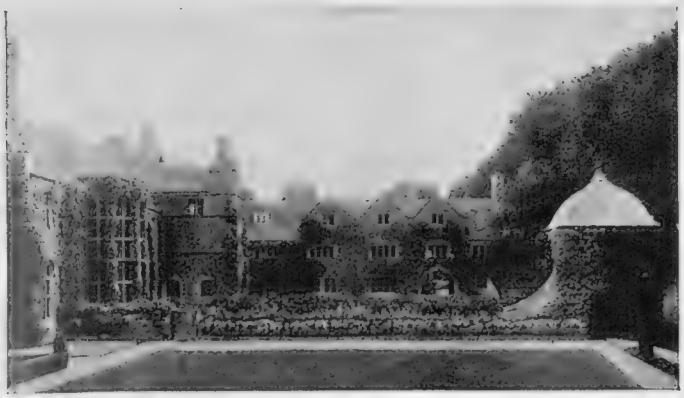

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VEET CREAM

VEET CREAM removes disfiguring hair as if by magic.

You apply it just as it comes from the tube. Simply squeeze a little on the hair, wait a few minutes, rinse it off and the hair is gone. Leaves the skin soft, smooth and white. Does not stimulate hair growth and has no offensive odour. Far better than objectionable depilatories and scraping razor blades. Whereas razors and ordinary depilatories merely remove hair *above* the skin surface, Veet melts the hair away *beneath* it. Used by nearly two million women. Satisfactory results guaranteed in every case or money refunded. Veet may be obtained for 3/- and 1/6 from all chemists, hairdressers and stores. Also sent in plain wrapper upon receipt of purchase price, plus 6d. for postage and packing. (Trial size by post for 6d. in stamps.) Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd., (Dept. 379L), 68, Bolsover Street, London, W.1.

Beware of imitations and inferior substitutes — they are often more expensive too.

3/- & 1/6

A Perfumed Velvety Cream that REMOVES HAIR like magic

NEW HATS FOR PRESENT WEAR

Inexpensive Millinery Department, Ground Floor.

Posed by Miss Heather Thatcher

BECOMING HAT in fine quality felt, with bind and trimming of Petersham ribbon. In Black, Cedar, Brown, Purple, Green, and Reindeer.

PRICE **45/-**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

A Tribute to Miss 1925.

Much has been said and written lately of the modern girl ; she has been criticised severely for her excessive gaiety and inordinate love of pleasure. Yet she still clings to many of the traditions of her elder sisters ; for instance, she shows a great liking for POTTER & MOORE'S LAVENDER WATER. She knows that in whatever social whirl she participates, thanks to "1749," there will always be about her an atmosphere of delicate lingering fragrance.

POTTER & MOORE'S 1749 MITCHAM LAVENDER WATER

A perfume of distinction which has stood the test of time !

Potter & Moore's 1749 Mitcham Lavender Soap, Bath Crystals, Smelling Salts and Sachets, etc., have also been prepared for those who wish one particular odour to dominate their toilet.

The incomparable charm of Potter & Moore's Mitcham Lavender Water is the same to-day as it was in 1749.

Miss 1925 prepares for further social conquests by using POTTER & MOORE'S 1749 MITCHAM LAVENDER WATER.

Prices :—1/6, 2/6, 4/6, 8/6 and upwards to 45/- per bottle.

All the leading London Stores and Chemists in the United Kingdom stock "1749" Lavender Water, yet should you experience any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write to

POTTER & MOORE, The Lavender Distillery, Mitcham, Surrey.

Announcement of the Proprietors :—W. J. Bush & Co., Ltd., Ash Grove, Hackney, London, E.8.

Permanent Waving

THE discerning note, the subtle something called distinction, is achieved by the woman whose hair has been waved by one imbued with that sense of elegance personal to every woman.

THERE is no aspect of the Art of the Hairdresser which entails a more minute regard for these essentials than the waving of the hair.

COMFORT and sympathetic environment are of primary importance; a due regard to the "tout ensemble" may pass as psychology; considerations which denote efficiency.

TO the casual observer hair permanently waved under the auspices of the Phyllis Earle Salons "always looks nice," but the less cursory will recognise the mastery of the Artist Hairdresser and the essence of a sound philosophy.

An invitation to visit the Salons is cordially extended.

Phyllis Earle

Salons

15 NORTH AUDLEY STREET,
LONDON, W.1
(Near Selfridge's)

Special Appointment—Phone Mayfair 3798

Full Head: £5 : 5 : 0
Shingled Head: £3 : 3 : 0
Side Pieces: £1 : 5 : 0

A PERFUME OF ORIENTAL FASCINATION

Le JADE

Daringly new and most fascinating of all Parisian perfumes. Le Jade has been accorded a flattering welcome from exclusive society in London and New York

Roger & Gallet
PARIS

Perfume 4/6, 8/-, 18/6
Face Powder . . 2/6
Sachet 1/- Talcum 2/-
Soap 7/6 box 3 tablets

Send 1/- P.O. for miniature casket of Le Jade Specialities to Roger & Gallet (London), Ltd., 14 Poland St., London, W.1

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW HATS OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

Model Millinery Salon, First Floor.

***Model Shape** in black velvet finished with paste bow. Price* 4½ *Gns.*

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO. LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

1000 NEW SUPPORTERS WANTED

THE "ARETHUSA"

TRAINING SHIP and the Shaftesbury Homes

URGENTLY NEED

£11,000

President: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

10,000 Boys have been sent to the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine.
9,000 Boys have been trained for Civil Employment, and many hundreds have been Emigrated to the British Dominions.

Patrons—THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.
Chairman and Treasurer—C. E. MALDEN, ESQ., M.A.
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The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR LIONEL HALSEY says:—"I have never seen the 'Arethusa' excelled."

KISSEL

CUSTOM BUILT

FOR
1926

STRAIGHT-8 & 6.

The Wonderful Straight-8 Kissel 4-door Saloon fully equipped

£925

Other Kissel Models from

£650

APPEARANCE

THE KISSEL is the creation of an artist, its exterior embodies the refined taste of its designer, and at the same time reflects the purpose it has been built for.

Its appeal is irresistible, because it is exceptionally distinctive and smart, being at the same time shapely, well proportioned, and perfectly detail-finished, and its smartness is lasting too !

The promise of its appearance, stamping it a high-grade car "at sight," is more than confirmed by its amazing performance.

Out in the open few cars can "live" with the KISSEL, and in traffic no car will equal its ease of handling; it will crawl "on top" at less than one mile per hour, and still be ready to make an effortless dart forward at a touch of the accelerator.

And the KISSEL Lockheed Hydraulic four-wheel brakes ensure perfect safety and full control always at the slightest touch of the pedal.

SOME EXCLUSIVE KISSEL FEATURES.

1. Automatic chassis lubrication under Sydney Dawson Patents.
2. Double up-sweep in the frame, low centre of gravity, exceptional roadability, and no sidesway.
3. Spring side-play adjustment.
4. High pressure oiling system.
5. Extremely light-weight alloy pistons and connecting rods.
6. Extra heavy crankshaft, unusually large bearings, vibrationless motor at all speeds.
7. Air cleaner and oil strainer, eliminating all wear on moving parts.

NO CAR QUITE EQUALS A KISSEL.

AMERICAN MOTORS EXPORT CORPORATION,

"EUROPEAN SALES DEPARTMENT,"
WALMAR HOUSE,
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Woodwright

The Editor of the
EVENING STANDARD
—Britain's Greatest Evening Journal—

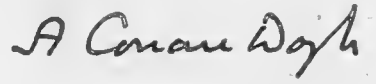
has the pleasure to announce that during the forthcoming weeks contributions from the following authoritative writers will appear in its columns.

Headmaster of Eton; author of "A Schoolmaster's Apology," "Shrewsbury Fables," etc.

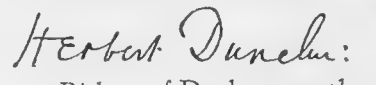
Author of "The Green Hat," "May Fair," etc.

Author of "Olga Bardel," "Miss Bracegirdle," etc.

The famous judge; author of "Scintillæ Juris," "On the Oxford Circuit," etc.



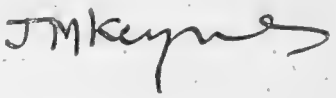
Author of "The White Company," "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," etc.



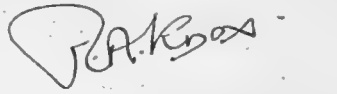
Bishop of Durham; author of "Light and Leaven," "Christian Liberty," etc.

Sometime President of the Board of Education; author of "The Common Weal," etc.

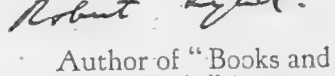
Author of "Sussex Gorse," "The George and the Crown," etc.



The famous economist; author of "Economic Consequences of the Peace," etc.



Author of "Some Loose Stones," "Memories of the Future," etc.



Author of "Books and Authors," "The Peal of Bells," etc.

Author of "Dangerous Ages," "Told by an Idiot," etc.

Sometime Minister of Health; leading authority on Industrial questions.

ORDER FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT TO-DAY THE

EVENING STANDARD

A.60

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

DAINTY UNDERWEAR

A dainty princesse petticoat modelled with flare flounces and trimmed down the front with a ladder of threaded ribbon bows. It is carried out in "Xantha," the wonderful new knitted artificial silk manufactured by Courtaulds Ltd.

Sketched by "Bita"

Ask for "Xantha"

As dainty as silk. Cheaper than silk. Washes well. Splendid for wear. Will not ladder. Truly a list of most commendable virtues all claimed to exist in "Xantha," the latest discovery and production of the enterprising firm of Courtaulds.

"Xantha" is especially destined for the dainty underwear now such an obsession, and it is of that soft, clinging character that is such an aid to slimness. Rightly described as the highest achievement reached in knitted artificial silk, "Xantha" is, indeed, a startling example of art touching the plane of the real.

Figure to yourself the best quality silk such as Milanese, and you vision "Xantha," woven in stripes. There is all the same, rich sheen and softness of real silk in every yard. Alike to the touch and in appearance it appeals as the epitome of luxury, while the colours are quite surpassingly lovely and exhaustive, ranging from white to black, via three delicate shades of blue, pale mauve, champagne, apricot, flesh-pink, mole, rose and browns; and neither wear nor laundering alters the caressing character of the fabric.

It is certain to bring about a revolution in lingerie of every description, and is shown materialised as a princesse petticoat modelled with one of the approved flare flounces, trimmed down the front with a ladder of little threaded ribbon bows.

"Xantha" is to be found to-day in all the first-class drapery and fabric houses, both in the piece and ready-to-wear garments. Should any difficulty arise in procuring it, write direct to Courtaulds, Ltd. (Dept. 34), 19, Aldermanbury, E.C.2.

Early Autumn Tailor-Mades

THE problem as to what to buy in the way of coats and skirts and two and three-pieces will at once be solved by a visit to Peter Robinson's, Oxford Circus. Never resting on their laurels, these people are ever first in the field, and their *salons* are already full of choice wares calculated to meet all tastes and purses. Costume coats, it is decreed, shall be three-quarter length. A model available in a comprehensive range of brown overchecks and stripes in West of England suiting is illustrated. Perfectly cut and tailored, the coat is trimmed with inset pieces of plain cloth to tone, and lined through with a good soft satin, the whole representing the type of costume that can be worn in town or country, and can be relied upon to look smart and appropriate on all occasions. The price, be it noted, is only 7½ guineas.

A grey suiting, quite charming and very *chic*, has a lizard-green suède collar and long waistcoat of crêpe de Chine in the same effective contrast. The firm has also secured some early and exclusive styles in West of England knitted goods. These mostly comprise skirt, jumper and long coat. Only 6½ guineas is asked for one of these models in a seductive shade of pale tomato-red, the plain skirts surmounted by a jumper that is striped horizontally in shades of mole-grey, the long coat being in the self-shade with grey clipped wool collar. A smart marl effect in tones of black and grey has the jumper trimmed and the long coat fashioned of a fancy pattern in red, white and black. One of the new furs of the season is kink. This, of coney persuasion, is dyed to represent a brownish chinchilla, and adds a note of fine distinction to suits and top-coats fashioned of velours delaine.

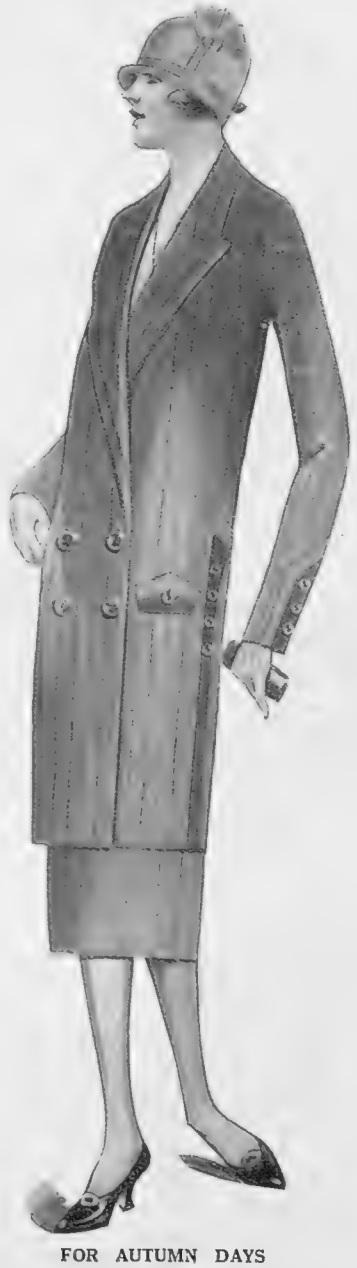
Back to School

THE holidays are drawing to a close, and parents are exercised as to clothes for the coming term.

Into this breach Harrods, as usual, have stepped with a capital notion. This may confidently be accepted as the greatest school service of recent years, comprising as it does the one-size-one-price idea; a procedure that holds good for boys and girls. Everyone of whom no matter their age or size can be rigged out from the immense stock held and without any worry as to cost.

Do your boys require the regulation Rugby suit, with full knickers? Then there is a choice of four hard-wearing qualities of pure wool tweeds, and be the lad small or big the one price stands, 37*s.* 6*d.*

For older boys promoted to trousers, there is a suit in similarly sound tweeds at 50*s.* Black jackets and vests come out at 37*s.* 6*d.*, and the accompanying striped worsted trousers at 21*s.* 6*d.*



FOR AUTUMN DAYS

A well-tailored costume made in West of England suiting, the coat having inset pieces on collar, pockets and hips to tone. This model, which is to be seen at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Circus, is available in a good range of overchecks and stripes

A perfect school double-breasted overcoat, thoroughly smart in design and practical in character, is provided in a very dark grey all-wool fleece at 50*s*.

The cut, tailoring and finish are in every case the best possible; nothing is skimped or slurred over. Similarly with girls' coats and frocks are all freely cut for growth and warm winter wear.

Such a splendid piece of enterprise deserves to be cried out from the housetops, and failing an opportunity to visit the Brompton Road establishment, Harrods will forward a book of illustrations that also includes samples of the materials employed. Furthermore, the firm are prepared to exchange any garment or refund the full price should the purchase fail to come up to expectations—a most doubtful contingency.

Hand-Knitted Wear

AN industry of far-reaching influence is that of the Highland Home Industries. The peculiar quality of the wool grown on the sheep there is handled throughout in these parts, the natural oils when possible being retained, which add wear and warmth to the softness. The cottagers, under close supervision from the head depot, 111A, George Street, Edinburgh, copy all the designs demanded by fashion, and their knitting is the perfection of evenness and accuracy, for it is an art in which they are well versed, being handed down from generation to generation.

The new season's consignment of models is replete with interesting departures, in which there is included sweaters, with the now approved Eton collar, an example being shown in a natural brown wool with moss stitch collar, hem and pockets.

It is impossible for a picture to do justice to these achievements, since the essence of their attraction lies in the wool and the work. Another model of particular originality is carried out in grey wool embroidered round the V-neck and on the pockets with a light trail of flowers worked in wool and silk in realistic colourings.

Great attention is likewise being paid to children's sweaters. The Fair Isle bordered fancy depicted is merely one of many effected in a mixture of blue and grey wool, with the border in natural brown, red and pale yellow, an adorable rose colour displaying a fancy stitch square back and front. There are, too, innumerable fresh designs in knitted frocks and coats and skirts, all exclusive to the Highland Home Industries.

KNITTED ART

Two striking examples of the knitted work of the Highland Home Industries of 111a George Street, Edinburgh. The sweater with the Eton collar is executed in a natural brown wool with moss stitch collar, hem and pockets. The child's Fair Isle bordered sweater is carried out in blue and grey wool

Sketched by "Beta"

ROWLAND'S

is an absolute necessity **MACASSAR OIL**

for the HAIR

No other preparation preserves, beautifies, and nourishes it so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in **3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., 21s.** sizes, by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and A. ROWLAND & SON, LTD., London.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION.

Quickly removes Freckles, Redness, Roughness, Cutaneous Eruptions, and other Disorders of the Skin; makes it soft as velvet, adds the charm of youth to the complexion and will keep it in perfect condition all the year round.

Sizes: **2/6** and **5/-**

Sold by Stores, Chemists and
A. ROWLAND & SON, LTD., London.

THE LAVONA WAY TO BETTER HAIR

Let Beauty gleam in every curl

A beautiful mass of soft clustering curls that sparkle with the radiance of perfect hair health can be yours quickly, easily and at very little cost by simply using Lavona Hair Tonic, the wonderful hair beautifier which is daily making new delighted users everywhere. Lavona Hair Tonic cleanses the hair and scalp cells of all impurities, feeds and nourishes the roots, and finally adds that amazing waviness which cannot be obtained with any other preparation. The secret of beautiful wavy hair is hidden in the secret ingredient which is contained only in Lavona Hair Tonic, and which has helped to make it famous throughout the world.

Lavona
Hair Tonic & Shampoo

Sold by all chemists at **2/11** and **4/3** Get a package to-day and if you are not amazed and delighted at the results, send in the guarantee and we will refund your money in full.

A FREE GIFT OF A LAVONA SHAMPOO IS ENCLOSED WITH EVERY PACKAGE

Send the Coupon for 10-Day Test

Send Now

For this new way of teeth-cleaning

EVERYONE should know the way to keep teeth whiter, cleaner, safer. The way that millions now employ. The way that brings those whiter teeth you see everywhere to-day.

This free test we offer will show you what that method means to you.

It fights film

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. Under old-way brushing much of it clings and stays. It becomes discoloured, forms dingy coats, hides the lustre of the teeth.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth—the acid may cause decay.

New discoveries

Now dental science has discovered ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film, one removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved those methods effective. So a new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily.

The name is Pepsodent.

Careful people of some 50 nations now employ that method to better protect their teeth and make them whiter.

Watch its results

Nature puts in saliva two great tooth-protecting agents, but they are generally too weak. Every use of Pepsodent multiplies their power.

These combined effects bring folks results amazing and delightful.

Send the coupon for a test. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as film-coats disappear.

You will always be glad that you made this test. Cut out coupon now.

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube to Pepsodent TRADE MARK 1619

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
(Dept. 153), 42, Southwark Bridge Road,
London, S.E.1.

Send to

Name .....

Address .....

Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.

Bystander, 2/9/25

Pleasantly refreshing when hot or tired

On a long tramp there is nothing better than an 'Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille to refresh the mouth and throat. They prevent the feeling of dryness which causes thirst.

These pastilles have a delicious, slightly acidulous flavour, and their effect is long sustained. They have the further advantage that they may be taken freely without causing any ill effects.

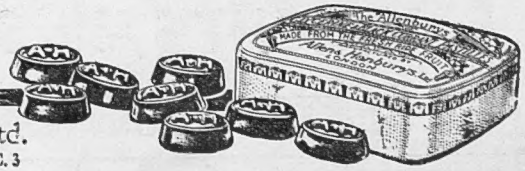
YOUR CHEMIST STOCKS THEM

Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing

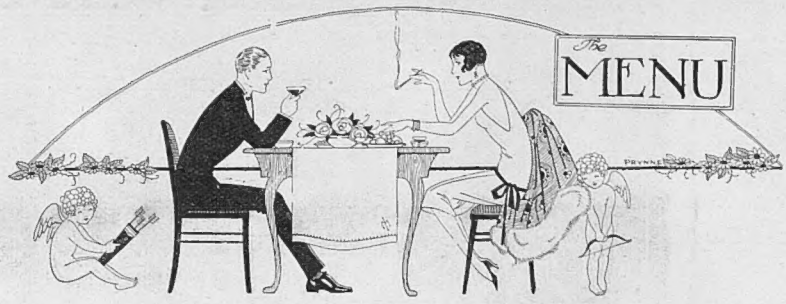
2 oz.	8d.
4 oz.	1/3
8 oz.	2/3
1 lb.	4/3

Allenburys

Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES



Allen & Hanburys Ltd.
37 LOMBARD STREET, E.C.3



The Partridge Season: How to Cook Them

An Old-Fashioned Way of Roasting

WASH the bird in cold water in which a little soda has been dissolved. Wipe it perfectly dry with a clean cloth, rub it thoroughly inside and out with salt and pepper. Then rub the outside of the bird with butter and dredge it well with flour. This forms a paste that serves to keep in the juices. Before putting the bird in the oven, pour a quart of boiling water in the pan, place the bird on a rack so that it stands out of the water, and roast in a quick oven, not more than forty-five minutes; less, if the bird is very small. After the first fifteen minutes baste every ten minutes. The success of this recipe depends largely upon the paste of butter and flour, and the frequent basting. If these directions are carefully followed the bird will be deliciously juicy, and have a fine flavour. Serve with a garnish of watercress and a dish of red-currant jelly.

Partridges en Crepinette

Pick, draw, singe, and bone a brace of partridges. Prepare a stuffing composed of three fresh mushrooms, peeled, washed, drained and chopped rather finely, two small tomatoes peeled and cut into fine shreds, ½ oz. of butter, a handful of breadcrumbs, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and seasoning (use salt, pepper, and aromatic spice for the latter). When this is well mixed fill the insides of the birds. Shape each bird nicely and truss in the usual manner. Line a braising pan with a few slices of fat bacon, half a sliced carrot, and a small peeled and sliced onion. Wrap each bird in a piece of fat bacon, then place them in the pan and roast them in a fairly hot oven for about thirty minutes. Baste frequently during the process of cooking. When done, take up the birds, remove the trussing, and cut each partridge into three or four slices, and range these neatly on to a hot dish. Pour away the fat in the pan in which the birds were cooked, and put in about a gill of rich brown sauce, also a small glass of Marsala or sherry. Boil up, skim, reduce a little, and strain the sauce over the slices of birds, then serve.

Chaud-Froid of Partridges

The following materials are required for this dish: Two roast partridges, three-quarters of a pint of chaud-froid sauce (this is a brown sauce with wine, with gelatine or aspic, used for masking), one crisp lettuce, three firm, ripe tomatoes, half a cucumber, one hard-boiled egg, eight stuffed olives, half a pint of aspic jelly, and mayonnaise sauce. Cut the partridges into neat joints, free them from skin, and coat each piece completely with a pale brown chaud-froid sauce. When set, run over sufficient half-set aspic to mask them. Prepare a bed of mixed salad in the centre of the dish, arrange the pieces of partridge neatly in a pile on the salad, placing the breast pieces on top. Garnish with slices of tomato, cucumber, quarters of hard-boiled egg, stuffed olives, and chopped aspic jelly. A bed of cooked rice or a border of cooked rice may (if liked) be used as a foundation. The rice should be coated with brown chaud-froid sauce, and masked with aspic.

Partridges with Piquante Sauce

Prepare three partridges as for roasting, wipe the insides, and into each bird put a spoonful of Spanish onion, which has been boiled in milk, chopped, and seasoned with pepper and salt. Place the birds in a stewpan with some stock, a piece of onion stuck with two or three cloves, a slice of lean bacon or ham, and a seasoning of pepper and salt; simmer until perfectly tender—about an hour. Take out the birds, drain them, and keep them hot in another pan by the side of the stove, thicken the gravy, after having strained it, with brown roux, add a good tablespoonful of port wine, a pinch of nutmeg, and, if required, a little more pepper and salt. Put the birds on a hot dish, and pour the sauce over them.

EMILIA

WONDERFUL—BUT SO DUSTY

You come in from a drive with that wonderful feeling of exhilaration—marred only by the clinging dust which works into the pores of the skin and needs a good soap to get quit of it.

Wright's is pre-eminently fitted for the job. Most searching in its cleansing operations — and at the same time most refreshing and toning to the skin. It also protects from infection.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

South America

BRAZIL, URUGUAY, ARGENTINA, HAVANA (CUBA), & THE PANAMA CANAL

SHORT TOURS TO THE CONTINENT.

Write for Brochure S.A—A

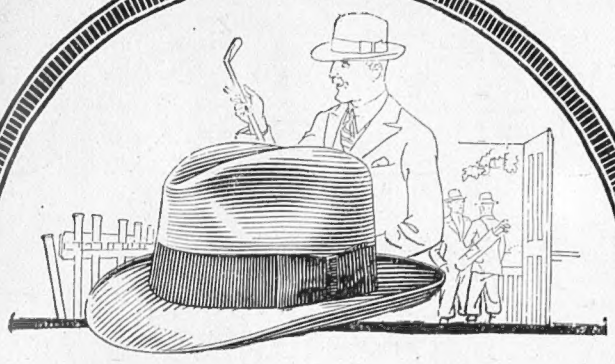
THE ROYAL MAIL AND PACIFIC LINES,

LONDON—Atlantic House, Moorgate, E.C.2, and America House, Cockspur Street, S.W.1

LIVERPOOL—Goree, Water Street.

Manchester, Southampton, Glasgow, Birmingham.

Border Design from old South American Indian Patterns.



WITH what infinite care a good golfer chooses a club. A well-dressed man takes equal care as to the style of hat he wears —Battersby hats are correct in style and give lasting satisfaction.

Wear a good hat—a Battersby.

Battersby
HATS
FOR MEN

Sold by the best Hatters
Address of nearest Agent on application.
In standard qualities, 20/-, 25/-, 30/-
Actual Makers: BATTERSBY & CO. LTD., STOCKPORT

BY APPOINTMENT TO
THEIR MAJESTIES
THE KING AND QUEEN

NEW HAT with felt crown and velour brim. In a large range of new colours. Price **69/6**

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY
(DEBENHAMS LTD.)
WIGMORE STREET (Cavendish Square) LONDON W 1

The typical MELACHRINO smoker is always one whose taste has been cultivated by long experience.

MELACHRINO
"The One Cigarette sold the world over"

M. MELACHRINO & CO., LTD., 11 OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

KROPP

Tales of Kroppman

SPARE THE STROP AND SPOIL THE KROPP.

The tanning of to-day is usually merited to-morrow. My KROPP is the best tempered bit of steel you could wish to have. Nevertheless, a good sound stropping does it no harm. Writing seriously you cannot beat a Kropp, and yet funnily enough it takes "a lot of beating," and in its turn is game to beat every other razor hollow—Buy a KROPP for CONTENTMENT.

In case, Black Handle, **10/6**; Ivory Handle, **18/-**

From all Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, etc.

Send post-card for a copy of "Shaver's Kit" Booklet No. 91.

Wholesale only:
OSBORNE GARRETT & CO., Ltd., LONDON, W.1

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW DESIGNS IN EXCLUSIVE UNDERWEAR

Hosiery Dept., Ground Floor

***Pretty Vest** of pure silk Milanese, trimmed wide Valenciennes lace in a particularly dainty design with fitting elastic under-arms and narrow satin ribbon shoulder straps. In white, pink, peach, coral, mauve, or apple green.*

15/11

***Knicker** to match*

18/11

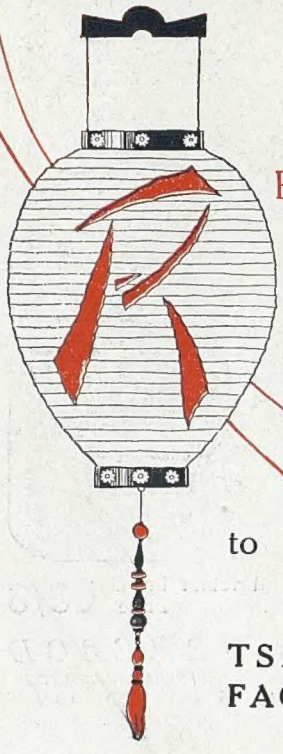
HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

GROSSMITH'S

TSANG-IHANG

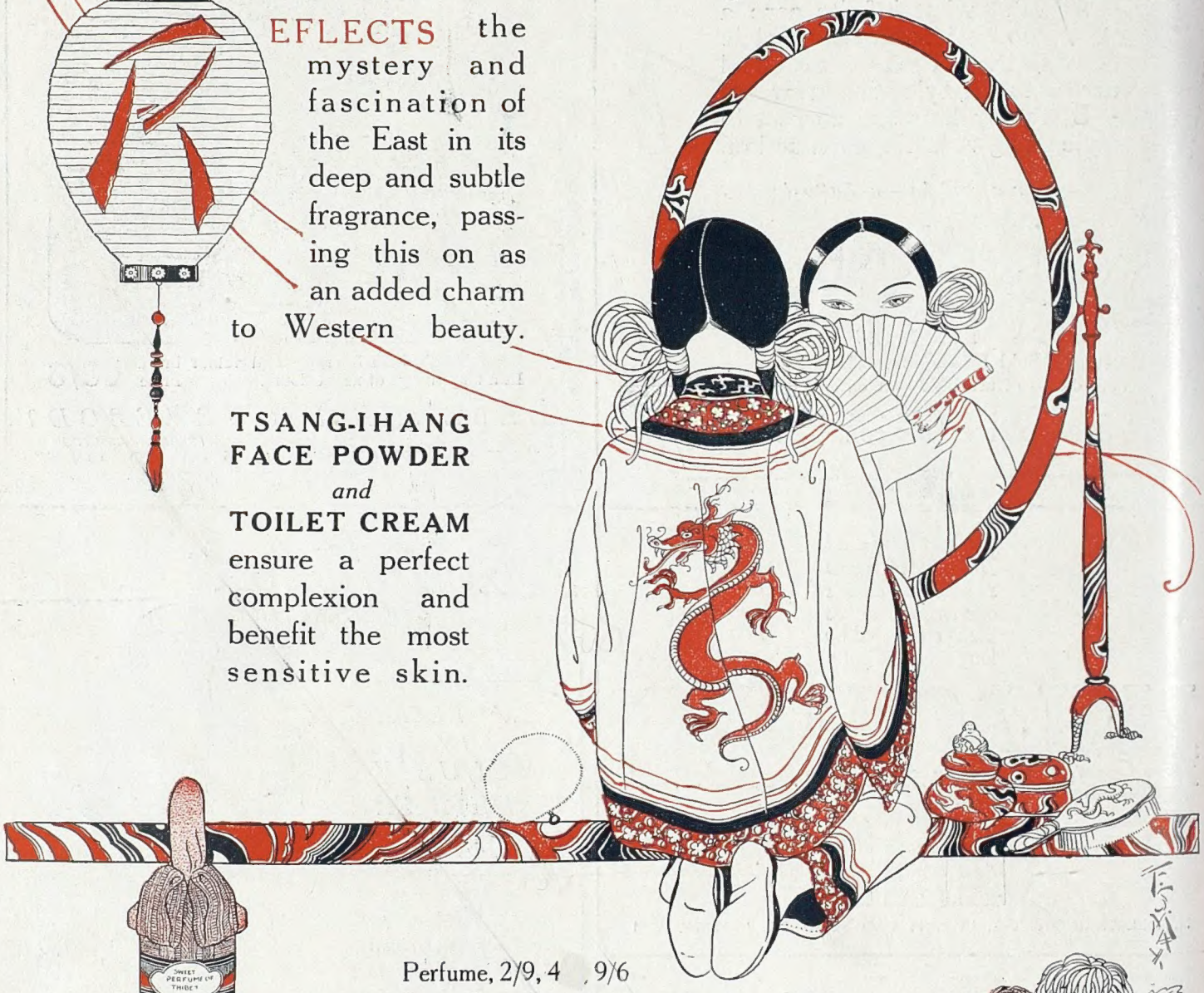
Regd

Sweet Perfume of Thibet



EFLECTS the mystery and fascination of the East in its deep and subtle fragrance, passing this on as an added charm to Western beauty.

TSANG-IHANG FACE POWDER *and* **TOILET CREAM** ensure a perfect complexion and benefit the most sensitive skin.



Perfume, 2/9, 4/, 9/6
Face Powder - 1/2
Toilet Cream - 1/-
Soap - - 10½d.
Crystal Bath Tablets (Box of 12) 3/-

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